

Asia speaks at San Francisco

Whatever may be the Russian-threatened consequences of the San Francisco Conference, which ended on September 8 in a flourish of treaty signatures, one thing is certain. The days of doubt are over. Of the 52 nations present, 49, the representatives of the free world, were willing to stand up and be counted without fear of intimidation by Soviet Russia. The surprising element of the Conference was the willingness of smaller nations, particularly the nations of Asia, to sign the Japanese peace treaty. India and Burma, of course, were not present. The recent Indian elections, in which Prime Minister Nehru was chosen head of the Congress party over Purshottamdas Tandon, will probably confirm the country in her aloofness toward the West. Still, of all the speeches made at the Conference, those of the representatives of Pakistan and Ceylon were the strongest in support of the treaty. Their value as an antidote to Soviet propaganda in Asia will be incalculable because both expressed unqualified approval of the pact by appealing to the religious sentiments of the Asiatic peoples. Thus J. H. Jayewardene of Ceylon, after stating that his country could rightfully demand reparations from Japan, added:

But we do not intend to do so. We believe in the words of the great teacher [Buddha], whose message has ennobled the lives of millions and millions in Asia, that "Hatred ceases not by hatred but by love."

If the speeches of these two delegates have any significance at all, they mean that the Buddhist and Moslem worlds are ready to join the Christian to block the march of Soviet communism. A united free world is at last convinced where the real danger lies and is willing to put its trust in the increasing armed strength of the United States.

Japan's economy

In all the rejoicing over the happy conclusion of the Japanese peace treaty, we would do well to remember that our late enemy is bedeviled by some economic problems which, before they are solved, may cost American taxpayers a good many millions. To support her eighty-million population on a truncated land area, Japan must export or die—or be subsidized by the United States. Before World War II, the Japanese lived mainly by importing food and raw materials from their Asiatic neighbors and exporting manufactured goods in payment thereof. India sent cotton and received textiles in return. Korea and Formosa sent rice—50 million bushels in 1936—and took payment in manufactured goods. India sent pig-iron and cotton, Pakistan cotton, too, China salt from the Shantung Peninsula. And so it went throughout southeast Asia. The new Japan has lost some of these sources of trade. India has developed her own textile industry and is keeping much of her cotton at home. Formosa needs most of the rice she raises to feed her swollen population. No salt is coming these days from the Shantung Peninsula, or rice from Korea, and little pig-

CURRENT COMMENT

iron from India. High prices prohibit buying food and raw materials in the American market. Japanese businessmen are already turning to new fields—pharmaceuticals, chemicals, cameras, machines—in which they are not so dependent as formerly on foreign supplies. It will take some time, however, for the Japanese to adapt themselves to the changed world of the 1950's. For the next few years at least, the United States will have to continue subsidizing our new allies. This necessity will decrease in proportion to our willingness, and the willingness of other nations, to accept Japanese exports. That is something to remember the next time a U. S. industry or labor group pressures Congress to raise a tariff wall against Nipponese goods, such as our sewing-machine industry seems to want.

Big Three and NATO meetings

Immediately after the signing of the Japanese Peace Treaty, the Big Three's top representatives—Herbert Morrison, British Foreign Secretary; Robert Schuman, French Foreign Minister; and Secretary of State Acheson—hurried to Washington to open talks centering on the integration of Germany with the West. Decisions arrived at in these talks will be carried to the meeting of the North Atlantic Council of foreign, defense and finance ministers set for Ottawa late in September and to a similar meeting to be held in Rome at the end of October. Germany will, of course, be the nub of all three meetings. Certainly in the books are a revision of the present occupation statute and the economic and military integration of Germany into the system of Western security. This will involve the granting of full sovereignty to Germany, save that the Big Three will reserve a right to intervene to protect German democracy. They will have to decide whether German armed forces, sure to be raised, will from the very beginning be part of a European army, as the French desire, or begin as German troops to be integrated into such an army later, as the United States prefers. A reasonable optimism, rising in the wake of the Japanese Treaty, no doubt, pervades negotiations that have begun so pessimistically in the past. In addition, discussions at Washington will touch upon the revision of Italy's peace treaty and the settlement of the Trieste problem; a treaty with Austria; the question of bringing Spain, Greece and Turkey into the NATO; the security of Indo-China; the fighting in

Korea and joint action for the protection of Western nationals behind the Iron Curtain. A gigantic melange of problems, to be sure. Hope of reaching agreements rests on the growing realization, as evidenced at San Francisco, that the time for debate is running out. Only by united and immediate action can the free nations erect barriers to further Soviet expansion.

The Greek elections

It will be some time before the actual composition of the new Greek legislature is known. Greece voted on September 9 according to a highly complicated electoral system which may demand weeks of computation. Some 2 million male Greeks voted, out of a population estimated as between 7 and 8 million. Returns, as we go to press, are nearly all in, and it now seems that no party will have a working majority. Field Marshal Alexander Papagos' Greek Rally polled more than any other party, but there is small hope that Papagos, described as "martial and messianic," will have strength enough to form a homogeneous government; and the antagonisms between him and all other politicians seem too fierce to permit of compromise in a coalition. This situation can be tragic for Greece, already weakened by a series of short-lived and shaky governments. All parties except the Socialists and the pro-Communist Union of Democratic Leftists are, in different degrees, pro-United States and pro-West. The remaining five parties all advocate Greece's entry into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Queen Frederika, in a New York *Herald Tribune* interview of September 10, underlined this unanimity when she said that her people are convinced that America has no ulterior motives, and that soldiers and bases would be welcomed by the Greeks for the defense of the free world. What Greece needs, then, is a strong government to direct this unanimity. Marshal Papagos, twice a war hero, dramatically entered politics after a rift with King Paul and promised an end to vacillating politics. It may be that the Marshal was too strong and that his intransigence will serve only to split Greece when she most needs unity. Although Greece's longest border is on Bulgaria, a Soviet satellite, it is flanked by Yugoslavia on the west and Turkey on the east. The Turks are probably the most determined people in the European anti-Soviet

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bloc. We need a strong Greece, but there is little danger that it will fall a prey to Russian aggression.

Egypt, key-log in Mediterranean jam

Three diplomatic deadlocks, all of them involving Egypt, demand the immediate attention of the North Atlantic Council, which is now meeting in Ottawa. 1) Egypt is threatening to denounce the Treaty of 1936 with Great Britain unless the latter agrees to its substantial modification before the current Egyptian parliament closes on September 26. The Treaty permits the British to maintain defensive forces in the Suez Canal Zone and to rule the Sudan jointly with Egypt until 1956. Relations between the two countries are now so inflamed that an agreement by that date is unlikely. Though King Farouk is reportedly opposed there is at least an even chance that the British will be ousted. 2) For two years Egypt has been turning back shipments of oil through the Suez Canal bound for the British and French-owned refinery at Haifa, which is second in size to the shut-down Abadan refinery in Iran. On September 1 the UN Security Council ordered the Egyptians to desist. They continue to ignore the Council, on the not illogical plea that Israel, which lodged the original protest, should first carry out the Council's earlier orders for the repatriation of Arab refugees and the internationalization of Jerusalem. 3) At Paris on September 14 the UN Palestine Conciliation Commission opened yet another conference in its three-year effort to bring Egypt, Syria, Lebanon and Jordan together with Israel to work out a peace for Palestine. The expected failure of the conference will leave Arab-Jewish relations as explosive and the Middle East as defenseless as before.

... can be cornerstone of Middle East defense

Meanwhile, in order to protect the right flank of General Eisenhower's forces, the North Atlantic Council is preparing to take Greece and Turkey into NATO. Security in the Mediterranean will not be achieved by this piecemeal measure. As long as Russia can turn Turkey's flank through the Arab states, the Atlantic alliance's right flank will remain unprotected. Since neither direct Anglo-Egyptian negotiations on the Suez Treaty nor UN intervention in the oil blockade and the deadlock over a Palestine peace treaty give promise of success, prompt action by the whole North Atlantic Council is the only possible remaining move. Why not invite the Middle Eastern leaders to the Council meeting in Rome and offer to associate them with NATO in a Mediterranean defense pact? The understanding would have to be, of course, that they agree to settle without delay the deadlocks described above.

Pressure on Czechoslovakia

Outside the conference at San Francisco for the signing of the Japanese peace treaty, nothing in recent times has so dramatized the stiffening of American policy toward the Soviet bloc as President Truman's

reception of the newly appointed Czechoslovak Ambassador. Presenting his credentials on August 28, Dr. Vladimir Prochazka expressed the hope that Czechoslovak and American relations would become more cordial. Scorning to reply in the clichés of diplomacy, President Truman, who is most fluent and forceful in the plain language of rural Missouri, reminded the Communist envoy that relations could become cordial only when Czechoslovakia changed her policy and sent Associated Press correspondent William N. Oatis home. The imprisonment of Oatis on July 4 for "espionage" was only one of a series of unjust convictions of United States citizens by Czechoslovak and by other Soviet-satellite courts. Having the full support of the American press as their representative, Mr. Oatis has found, in the halls of Congress and among other influential public groups, more champions than the ordinary victim of Communist tyranny. The many resolutions for the application of trade sanctions against Czechoslovakia until Oatis is released are apparently about to bear fruit. It is believed that the United States will make a decisive move at the meeting of member nations of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade at Geneva September 17 by obtaining a release from its trade obligations with Czechoslovakia. This would pave the way for prohibitive duties on Czechoslovak exports to the United States and thus put a heavy dent in the Soviet satellite's foreign trade. This economic pressure may be effective in righting the grave injustice done to one whose only concern was to tell the truth about what he saw on the other side of the Curtain. If Czechoslovakia can't afford to export the truth, she shouldn't feel too much injured if her other exports are kept out too.

TUC rebuffs Bevan

With the annual conference of the British Trades Union Congress at Blackpool out of the way, the U. S. State Department can look forward with equanimity to the October convention of the British Labor party at Scarborough. Traditionally, the intellectuals in the Labor party talk a great deal and agitate a sheaf of resolutions. But policy is made by those who supply most of the money and the votes, namely, the unions affiliated with TUC. That is why those close to the British trade unions have not been unduly excited by Aneurin Bevan's revolt against the Attlee-Morrison leadership of the Labor party. Bevan has no base of power in the trade unions and has been unable to win to his cause those labor leaders who have—men like Arthur Deakin of the Transport and General Workers, Tom Williamson of the Municipal Workers, Lincoln Evans of the Steelworkers and Sir William Lawther of the Mineworkers. With these men in firm control of the Blackpool meeting, the Bevanites and their phony "neutralism" were thoroughly routed. A resolution condemning British rearmament and advocating a new, conciliatory approach to the Kremlin was beaten easily on a show of hands. On a "card" vote, a subsequent resolution calling for resumption of trade

with Iron Curtain countries regardless of U. S. opposition was defeated by a vote of 5,213,000 to 1,795,000. That is a good measure of the minority support Bevan was able to muster for his muddle-headed foreign policy. For the rest, the Congress went along with the Government decision to make a partial charge for spectacles and dentures, and with its belt-tightening anti-inflation program. On these issues, however, Bevan struck a vein of rank-and-file discontent and managed to win a larger vote.

France aids religious education

Five days after voting "indirect" aid, in the form of scholarships, to all schools, including Catholic (Am. 9/15, p. 574), the French Assembly on September 10 made a clean break with the government monopoly of tax-supported education. The new measure provides financial assistance to all parents of children of elementary-school age. Especially objectionable to the die-hards is the arrangement whereby, in the case of parents with children attending Catholic schools, the funds are to be allotted directly to parents' associations. The vote was somewhat closer on direct than it had been on indirect aid, 322-251. Premier Plevin has thus fulfilled the promises he made to the Popular Republicans in early August when he formed his Government on a platform designed to end the political stalemate brought on by last June's national elections (Am. 6/30, p. 325). To pilot the centrist coalition out of the harbor of traditional anticlericalism, M. Plevin needed the assistance of the de Gaullists, since the Radical Socialists, heirs of the anti-Church ideology of the French Revolution, jumped ship with the Socialists. Whether the old crew can be reassembled is the question of the hour. In any case, France has ended the anomaly of posturing as the champion of Western culture while cold-shouldering those whose religion is the strongest anti-Communist force in Europe. The United States still represents this anomaly in the world struggle.

Why buy defense bonds?

The Department of Commerce reports that personal incomes hit a new high level in July, attaining an annual rate of \$251.6 billion. That's such an enormous figure that few can grasp it. The point to remember is that it is not just a figure—the sort of thing statisticians bandy about, which looks nice in graphs and indices. It represents real money—the tangible dollars and cents which people will receive in one way or another (wages, interest, dividends, sales of farm products) if this income rate is maintained over a twelve-month period. After taxes are subtracted and debts are paid, it represents purchasing power—enough purchasing power to blow prices clean through the roof. It is to the best interest of the country, and of every individual citizen, that not all this money be spent. A good part of it must be saved to keep pressure on prices under control. That is where we all come in. People are asking these days what they can do per-

sonally to combat inflation. The answer is simple—they can save some of their income and invest it in defense bonds. Don't listen to your "wise" friends who deprecate bond buying on the ground that the dollars you receive back from Uncle Sam ten years hence will not be worth as much as the dollars you lend him today. Beware of their exhortations to place your savings in stocks. No one knows what the dollar will be worth in 1962. It may be worth less than it is today, or more. *It will certainly be worth less if you and millions of others follow the advice of your "wise" friends.* The only way to assure the future value of your dollar is to fight inflation now. One of the best means of doing this is to buy defense bonds. Diversify your investments if you wish. But don't forget that ten years from now Uncle Sam will pay the face value of your bonds. What stocks will then bring nobody knows.

Brannan's note of warning

"One of these days," said Secretary of Agriculture Charles F. Brannan, addressing a group of farm editors in Washington on September 10, "we will find ourselves unable to muster support if some of the spokesmen of agriculture carry on in the fashion that they are." The Secretary pointed out that over the past forty years the farm population has declined from 32 to 24 million, and now constitutes only 16 per cent of the total population. As a result, said Mr. Brannan, "American agriculture can't just stand up and say this we want and this we take whether anybody wants us to or not." As evidence of the mounting antagonism toward farmers, he cited the partially successful attempt last week in the Senate Finance Committee to tax farm cooperatives, and warned that similar onslaughts could be expected against the Rural Electrification Administration and the Agriculture Conservation program. The small amount of revenue to be gained by a tax on farm co-ops, he thought, was evidence of a new retaliatory mood in Congress which farm leaders had to take into account. Our own sources of information tend to bear Mr. Brannan out. Urban Congressmen have evidently been hearing from home, and most of what they hear is critical of the farm leaders who ganged up with certain business organizations to weaken the price-control features of the Defense Production Act. Impervious to higher considerations, perhaps these men will now be impressed by the Secretary's appeal to their self-interest and his hard-boiled stress on political realities.

The Church and politics

"Unity of Catholics in Politics Urged." So ran the heading on Sam Pope Brewer's dispatch to the New York Times from Madrid, dated September 9. It seems that *Ya*, influential Catholic newspaper, published an article on the occasion of a meeting in San Sebastian of sixty Catholic leaders from Belgium, Germany, Ireland, Italy, Portugal, Spain and Switzerland. Mr. Brewer's summary of the article, partly through direct quotation, contains nothing exceptionable. It urged

Catholic intellectuals throughout the world to unite "against error and international hatreds." The *Ya* writer deplored the failure of Catholics to "practise conscientiously the obligation to work as a community of faith over and above all frontiers and political systems." This is exactly what many international scientific and cultural organizations are trying to do—in fields ranging all the way from astronomy to Moral Rearmament and the problems with which UNESCO is preoccupied. If the *Times*' dispatch was intended to give the impression that Catholicism is a worldwide political movement, or even that the excerpts from the *Ya* article suggested as much, all we can say is that the implication is entirely unwarranted. Catholics ought to act as the best citizens of their respective nations and of the world community. If they are expected to be different, it is only because they have additional motives for promoting both the national and international well-being of all peoples. This is not only not alarming. It is hardly news.

The dilemma of a Horne

The announcement that Miss Lena Horne, stage, screen, radio and television singer, was to appear on Ed Sullivan's "Toast of the Town" on September 9 (WCBS-TV, Sundays 8 P.M., EDT) faced the Columbia Broadcasting Company with a ticklish problem. Since Miss Horne is listed in *Red Channels* as having been associated with various organizations recognized as Communist fronts, CBS feared an adverse public reaction to her appearance. Writing in the New York *Journal-American* for September 8, Jack O'Brian said that there had been several days of heated conferences between the show's sponsor (Ford Motor Co.), the advertising agency that handles it (Kenyon and Eckhardt) and CBS officials. As late as Friday, September 7, reported Mr. O'Brian, Kenyon and Eckhardt believed that Miss Horne would be dropped. Then, it seems, her agents, the Music Corporation of America, took a hand in the game, threatening legal action. Another factor in the problem was that Oscar Hammerstein II, librettist of *Show Boat*, *Oklahoma!*, *South Pacific*, etc., in whose honor the show was organized, might fail to appear if Miss Horne were dropped. In the outcome, Miss Horne appeared and sang. If there was any adverse reaction from the studio audience, TV sets failed to pick it up. The case of Lena Horne once again points up a problem that networks and artists can hardly afford to let go unsolved. On the one hand, they do not want to yield to indiscriminating and McCarthyesque pressure groups. On the other, the record is there of at least past affiliation with Communist fronts. In view of Korea, in view of San Francisco and Gromyko's vituperation of what this country believes in and what this country's soldiers are dying for, TV patrons have a right to know whether they are indirectly contributing to the coffers of Communist fronts. It may not be an easy matter for an artist to admit past mistakes and repudiate evil associations. But it is a lot easier than dying in Korea.

WASHINGTON FRONT

A spate of soothsaying on General Eisenhower's latest thinking, Gen. Douglas MacArthur's Cleveland speech, the unfolding of a political stump tour by Senator Taft, a new gush of guessing on Harry Truman's intentions—all these things recently have cast a long 1952 election shadow over the late-September Washington scene. Dish up a good spot of wisdom on Korea, the Japanese treaty or taxes and you can't get a quorum, but a vague wisp of gossip on next year's campaign draws a crowd fast in this politically hypersensitive capital.

One surmise after another—

Those who have recently talked with General Eisenhower have come away with the impression that he won't lift a finger to get the nomination—and they're all thinking in terms of the Republican, not the Democratic, nomination. They predict that if it takes an affirmative approval by Ike to get an active campaign rolling in his behalf, then there won't be one. The great hope of General Eisenhower's supporters has been to enter him in the Presidential primaries where his top-running public popularity would pay off in victories. But if these supporters cannot get the General's open say-so to go ahead—and it is necessary in some States—then entering him in the primaries may be difficult.

If the European Commander could be shown beyond doubt that the Republican party as a whole really wants him, those who have seen him say, it might be different. But he is pictured as being truly dedicated to his present European assignment. Even casual reading of the General's testimony in Paris before a visiting Senate Foreign Relations committee manifests this devotion to the task before him. The possibility remains that if the job were far along by next Spring, and if the demands were genuine and broadly based, he might yield.

Harry Truman will bow out and try to bestow the mantle on Supreme Court Justice Fred Vinson—this has been the burden of a lot of guessing these last few days. But the odds, on the basis of all the evidence, have to be that Mr. Truman will be a candidate again.

General MacArthur's politically potent Cleveland speech contained what seemed a clear indication of his favoring the Presidential candidacy of Senator Taft and a sharp indictment of the postwar U. S. political-and-military hierarchy, which certainly included Eisenhower. The blessing for Mr. Taft jibes with the impressions of those who have recently drunk privately of the burnished MacArthur phrases.

Mr. Taft tools out through the Midwest in a few days for a number of important speeches, and there just isn't any doubt that as of today he's in front and the man to beat for the GOP nomination next year.

CHARLES LUCEY

UNDERSCORINGS

During December, the street cars and buses of greater Pittsburgh will carry 1,300 car cards reading, "Keep Christ in Christmas—have a Crib under your tree." The project is sponsored by the Archconfraternity of Christian Mothers, with central offices at 220 37th St., Pittsburgh 1. The 1,800 affiliated parish groups will distribute leaflets urging a Crib in every home. Some will sponsor community and store-window displays.

► Add to the list of new Catholic schools The Bishop Sheil International University, 318 South Michigan Ave., Chicago 4, Illinois (originally International College, a foreign-trade school). The University offers courses in all phases of commercial endeavor, in programs ranging from one semester to four years.

► "Men of Milford," a Cincinnati lay-retreat group, can now extend through the year the benefits of their annual week-end retreats. Some 200 of the 1,000 members of the group will attend a special free course in theology to be given at Xavier University under the sponsorship of the Jesuit Retreat League. Rev. Edward J. Hartmann, S.J., will teach the course.

► The New York *Banner*, successor to the *Sun Herald* of Kansas City, Mo., plans to resume publication as a Catholic daily newspaper as soon as needed capital has been accumulated. Present estimates call for a staff of 45-50 in New York, a full-time Washington correspondent, detailed foreign coverage, comics, columns, cartoons. Those interested may write to 200 W. 24th St., New York 11, N. Y.

► An aid for readers of the historical portions of the Old Testament is *A Guide to Old Testament History*, by Daniel W. Martin, C.M., S.T.L., S.Scr.L. Price \$1.50; reductions for bulk orders. Kenrick Seminary, St. Louis 19, Mo.

► A resolution adopted unanimously by the fourth Inter-American Congress of Catholic Education, held in August in Rio de Janeiro, proposed that all American nations celebrate Thanksgiving Day on the same day as the United States. Such a celebration, the Congress felt, would serve to strengthen friendly ties among American peoples, encourage Christian teachings and combat trends for the elimination of God from family, school and public life.

► Better transportation and lodgings are to be provided for pilgrims to the famed grotto of Manresa where St. Ignatius Loyola elaborated much of the Spiritual Exercises. About 800 pilgrims from 22 countries visited the shrine last year. Greater numbers are expected in connection with the International Eucharistic Congress in 1952. It is reported that the sanctuary will be declared a national shrine.

► Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S.J., noted author and educator, has begun at Fordham University his fiftieth year of teaching.

R. V. L.

Crisis in moral conduct

Herbert Hoover closed his forceful speech of August 30, delivered in Des Moines, Iowa, with the oft-repeated slogan: "Moral indignation is on the march again in America." The address gave added emphasis to the demand for moral reform in American politics. Declaring that we had overworked the promises of "new" ways of modernizing American society, Mr. Hoover very properly deplored the omission of the New Testament in our search for novelties. The adoption of new techniques of science gives no assurance of progress, he insisted, unless we undergird them with the old virtues of "religious faith," "integrity" and "incorruptible service and honor in public life."

This awareness that we have reached a crisis in moral conduct is common to certain groups in both major political parties. Senator William J. Fulbright (D., Ark.) brought the issue into focus last spring when he proposed the establishment of "a commission of eminent citizens designated by the Congress to consider the problem of ethical standards of conduct in public affairs." Whether or not such a commission would do any good, we all have to recognize the validity of Mr. Fulbright's analysis:

Too many people in our nation do not believe anything with conviction. They question the precepts of God or of man, indiscriminately. The values of life which were clear to the Pilgrims and the Founding Fathers have become dim...

The Kefauver hearings and the Senate's investigation of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, coming on the heels of revelations of the five-percenters, have dramatized the crisis in the moral standards of men in public life. Perhaps it is natural that we feel less horror about the "ostensibly reputable businessmen" who employ "knaveish lawyers to circumvent the law and enrich themselves at government expense" than about public officials.

Unlike Mr. Hoover, Senator Fulbright seems to regard the misconduct of men outside government as even more reprehensible than that of government officials. On the other hand, the violations of a public trust are very shocking. Government officials should restrain the greed of private citizens, instead of catering to it for their own self-emolument.

Again unlike Mr. Hoover, the Senator clearly recognized that unethical conduct in Washington "is but a reflection of what may be seen in many other phases of our national life." He instanced the bribing of college basketball players.

The moral crisis we face is not, in truth, political. It is social. It reaches down into the roots of our lives in our local communities, in our schools, our homes and our individual consciences. It cannot be surmounted by more slogans. Mr. Hoover wants a return to the Ten Commandments and to religious faith. Senator Fulbright calls for a "restoration of the faith of our people in the validity of the traditional precepts of our democratic society."

EDITORIALS

Neither inquires into the ordinary means by which a society inculcates its system of morality. This is done through its system of education. Until public schools at every level and our great secular universities find a way to teach the Ten Commandments and religious faith, until they perform for Americans of our generation what the schools of their day did for "the Pilgrims and the Founding Fathers," how can contemporary Americans be expected to be anything but what they are? Our moral crisis is first of all a crisis in education. What do Senator Fulbright and Mr. Hoover propose that we do about American public education?

Lithuania bereft of bishops

Too much horror numbs the soul. Where all is spectacular, everything becomes commonplace. It is, then, increasingly difficult, in these days of the modern martyr-Church, for Catholics to be shocked by more news of martyrdom and persecution. In a *New York Times* interview of September 9, Msgr. Joseph B. Koncius, president of the United Lithuanian Relief Fund in America, revealed that Catholic Lithuania is now without a single bishop. According to information given by three young Lithuanians who slipped through the Iron Curtain to Sweden, three bishops have died in prison and the others, except one or two who escaped, have "disappeared," presumably committed to slave-labor camps.

One of the saddest, and yet most heroic, stories in the history of the Church is being spun out in relative obscurity in the tiny Baltic states of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia. Lithuania's fate was signalized by Monsignor Koncius' statement and the annual convention of the Knights of Lithuania, a Catholic youth organization representing Americans of Lithuanian descent in thirty-five States. At vespers in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on September 9, the Knights commemorated the 700th anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into Lithuania. Ever since that event the country has been predominantly and tenaciously Catholic, a nation called by Pius XI "the most loyal daughter of Rome."

Under the Czars, between 1793 and 1918, the Russians tried to crush that loyalty. Today, under a more ruthless master, little Lithuania has become a "Soviet Socialist Republic." Her allegiance to God is once more under furious attack. Twice the Soviets have taken over, just before and just after the Nazis in World War II, and each time the familiar pattern of religious persecution emerged. All religions except compliant Orthodoxy (the Orthodox were a tiny

minority, most of them non-Balts) felt the assault, in a graded program of progressive fury. First, the Concordat with the Vatican was revoked. Then education was seized. Religious instruction, first restricted and hampered, was ultimately all but eliminated. Books and newspapers—Lithuania had 200 religious periodicals—ceased rolling from the presses. The 800,000 members of various religious organizations saw their fraternities quietly eliminated. Church land was confiscated and the clergy reduced to crushing poverty. But with the silent capacity for suffering and resistance that characterizes them, the Lithuanians taught their children the catechism, flocked to Mass in the few open churches, stolidly refused to be torn from the Faith.

Grimmer measures were required. They quickly came: six waves of mass deportations of the "people's enemies" since the second Soviet occupation. Among the deportees were 40 per cent of her priests. In rough estimate, the sad litany runs like this: of the more than 1,600 priests in Lithuania in 1940, only 200 now function, openly or secretly. There is no theological seminary, nor even a single student of theology.

And now the crowning blow: the hierarchy has been liquidated. Lithuania is left without legitimate spiritual leaders. There is no successor of the apostles to speak in the name of God against the cruelest of Caesars. For a deeply Catholic people bereft of their priests and bishops, crushed and despoiled and degraded, the sincere prayers of their fellow-Catholics are not a sentimental luxury, but a demand of charity. Lithuania, together with her neighbor states of Latvia and Estonia, must not be forgotten.

What next in Korea?

As the San Francisco Conference was drawing to a close, one member of the embittered Soviet delegation was heard to remark: "The answer to the San Francisco Conference will not come in San Francisco." The clear implication was that it might come in Korea.

This inference is reinforced by events in Korea itself. During the prolonged stalemate of the cease-fire negotiations, the Reds have been building up their forces north of the jagged battle line. Signs are increasing that the enemy intends to put a stop to the armistice talks by opening another offensive.

Even if this offensive is limited in scope, it will smash the hopes raised by Jacob A. Malik's peace feeler of last June. Public opinion in the United States will feel so outraged, especially if it appears that the armistice negotiations were intended from the start as a cover-up for military preparations, that the American people may lose all patience with the policy of limited warfare on the peninsula.

Sheer military necessity, indeed, may force our officials to the reluctant conclusion that we have no choice but to deepen our air attacks into Manchuria as a measure of self-defense. The Reds now have in Korea between 600,000 and 800,000 men, an increase of 100,000 in the last two months. Of this number the

reconstituted North Korean army probably accounts for about 200,000. Since Russia announced its recruiting campaign last year for "volunteers," 10,000 Eastern Europeans have been steadily trickling into the fighting zone. These men are specialists: pilots of Mig-15's, anti-aircraft gunners, radar technicians, advisers, some tank men and a few infantrymen. Moreover, there are now some 400 to 500 Soviet jets and 700 fighter-bombers in Manchuria. If a renewed Communist offensive is launched, the enemy will probably throw this air power into the battle.

During the past year several factors making it unwise for us to adopt more aggressive measures have been somewhat mitigated. Our allies, notably Great Britain and France, have been won over to the conviction that we will have to launch counter-attacks over the Yalu River if enemy air enters the Korean fighting in force. This information, provided by Joseph Alsop in the New York *Herald-Tribune* for September 7, fits in with our recent bombing of the Red supply depot at Rashin, a mere twenty miles from the Soviet border, where we run the risk of overrunning the target and dropping bombs in Russian territory.

Another change is that our military position in Korea, everything considered, is now stronger than it has ever been. Besides the men and equipment we have sent across the Pacific, we have had almost a year since the entry of the Chinese Communists to build up our armed services and organize our defense economy for a showdown with Russia, should that showdown be forced upon us. Lastly, we have explored every possibility of restoring peace in the Far East. The San Francisco Conference proved that 49 of the 52 countries there represented no longer have any doubts about the necessity of lining up with us in defense of the free world.

This Review opposed General MacArthur's demand that he be allowed to "open up" the Korean fighting in order to crush the Chinese Reds. We opposed it when he first proposed it; we opposed it last April when his insistence resulted in his dismissal. We still feel that Korea is the wrong place to get involved in an all-out war.

From the beginning, however, we have recognized that the time might come when we would have to run the risk in order to offset the increased use of Soviet planes, other equipment and Russian manpower by the enemy (AM. 4/28, p. 90). The USSR has over 3,000 combat planes based in the area stretching from Vladivostok to central Siberia. If we have to bomb the "privileged sanctuary" of Manchuria, Russian bombs may cascade upon Japan. Russia may even attack Western Europe.

The longer we can defer a decision which might well precipitate World War III, the better. But Mao should know that Russian policy, by throwing Soviet airpower into Korea, can unleash a torrent of UN bombs on Chinese cities. God grant that he may call a halt to a course of action that would be suicidal for his country, however it might help the Kremlin.

Highlights of San Francisco

(Following is an on-the-spot report on the Japanese Peace Treaty Conference by Timothy L. McDonnell of the Department of Political Science, University of San Francisco, who covered it for AMERICA.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 11 — We are too close to the Conference, held here September 4-8, to evaluate it and the Japanese Treaty in relation to world peace. The meeting left certain impressions and gave rise to certain observations, however, that can be said to be generally accepted.

This conference was undoubtedly unique. The fact that the treaty itself had been negotiated beforehand through diplomatic agreements was something novel in international relations. In fact, the signing of the treaty was of secondary importance. The chief interest lay in the meeting as a stage in the diplomatic war being waged by the free world on the one side, with the United States at its head, and the Communist world on the other, with Soviet Russia dominating its satellites.

In the battle of the Opera House, the United States and its allies won hands down. In the unanimous opinion of representatives from the non-Communist world at San Francisco, the diplomatic victory was complete and reassuring. It built up confidence in the alliance of free nations and tightened the bonds of its unity. Forty-nine nations agreed to put aside their national interests, more so in some cases than in others, in order to give Japan a treaty which would allow her, if she can, to become again the greatest industrial and military power in the Far East. This concession was made in the belief—and it was an act of faith—that Japan will remain loyal to the democratic Powers and fight a front-line battle in defense of freedom.

Only time can tell whether the acceptance of this risk will prove wise. Some American and even Japanese newsmen at San Francisco were just a little doubtful about the new Japanese Government, noting that, with the exception of Premier Yoshida, the Japanese delegation was composed of men who were in the pre-war militarist government.

The Russians came to the conference only to prove to Asia, especially to Red China, that they are Asia's only true friends. It is feared that their long and loud speeches extolling China's right to a voice will be broadcasted in that country, rather than the excellent rebuttals by Jayewardene of Ceylon, Berendsen of New Zealand and Spender of Australia, the anti-Communist spokesmen from the Pacific and Far East.

Other pro-Western spokesmen from the Orient who showed great political wisdom and both the ability and courage to speak out against tyranny were Charles Malik of Lebanon and Romulo of the Philippines. They had great popular appeal and were given warm ovations by the delegations and the gallery.

Secretary of State Acheson was superb as President of the conference. No one had ever doubted that he was a man of ability and polish. The West Coast, in

particular, had misgivings, however, about his bureau of Far Eastern Affairs and his policy of compromise towards Red China. But after he manifested a policy of no compromise with Russia on the Far East and so adroitly won the battle of parliamentary procedure with Gromyko the people were quick to praise him.

John Foster Dulles also made a fine impression. He spoke three times and made an excellent case for the treaty. Lacking something of the suave appearance of the conventional statesman, he has a forceful, sincere and informed way of presenting his arguments. These qualities, plus integrity of character, more than compensate for whatever he may lack in accidentals. Many, indeed, wonder whether credit should not be given to Mr. Dulles for the stiffening of U. S. policy.

Russia's Andrei Gromyko was the center of attraction. He proved himself a good actor—as long as events follow the script. Once the action took an unrehearsed course, however, Gromyko was hamstrung. He has a certain stony dignity, with great self-control and self-discipline. Only two or three times did his humanity break through.

It was unfortunate that General MacArthur was absent. He was the only American with enough popular appeal, especially in San Francisco, to take the spotlight away from Gromyko. When MacArthur's name was mentioned, the gallery was quick to applaud. Not a few delegations were just as enthusiastic.

One contrast with the 1945 conference here at which the UN was founded should be mentioned. The Oriental delegations to the present conference were dressed in Western business suits, except for the formal attire of the Japanese. In 1945 the Orientals wore native costumes. It was noticeable this time that our Government took care to assign as MP's Americans of the same racial origins as the delegations they guarded. This was a nice touch, symbolic of the truth that the United States, the leader of the broadening alliance of free peoples of many lands and races, itself consists of a democratic harmony of people of many racial strains.

Secretary Acheson opened the conference with a moment of silent meditation or prayer. San Francisco's Mayor Elmer Robinson, in the first address, spoke these beautiful lines: "The people of San Francisco speak for the people of every city, every hamlet and every village throughout the world when we pray Almighty God, Father of all men, to grant abundant blessings and success upon the work of peace to which you address yourselves." Secretary Acheson closed the conference "of ceremonial and signature" with the following prayer, echoing St. Paul:

May I close this conference with words which in many languages, many forms and many religions have brought strength and comfort to mankind. May the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, be amongst us and remain with us always.

This spiritual tone, wanting in 1945, may mean the crisis besetting the world is better understood today.

TIMOTHY L. McDONNELL

A question of authority

Harold C. Gardiner

THE TRUMAN-MACARTHUR controversy, though terminated in official hearings, still bubbles and seethes in the emotions of many a partisan. The torrent of charge and countercharge, recrimination and diatribe it released have, it is true, somewhat subsided. But the very fact that they were released ought to impel any serious-minded citizen to withdraw a little into the depths of his own conscience and take some thought on the restraints which Christian morals place on criticism of public officials.

A recent column in this Review drew attention to the easy and dangerous practice of imputing motives to the statements and actions of public figures ("Wedemeyer versus McCarthy," 6/30, p. 323). "Political criticism," it was remarked, "ought to be restricted to observable conduct, without questioning anything as unobservable as personal motives. . . . Those who engage in such tactics give ground for questioning their own motives."

It is true, of course, that when a man takes public office his actions become, as it were, more "observable." A wider sphere of his actions is opened to public scrutiny; he forfeits some of his privacy. But his intentions and motives, unless they are clearly discernible in the actions, are his own responsibility, for which he will have to answer to his own conscience and to God. To trespass on that privacy of a soul is a violation of justice and charity.

The fundamental reason for our present-day reckless imputation of motives is rooted deeper, it would seem, than in a failure in justice and charity. These fail because another foundation has not been laid or is being undermined. That foundation is proper respect for authority. I believe that charity and justice with regard to public officials fail because there is a growing disregard for authority and a forgetfulness of the source from which authority springs. I believe further that Catholics, who ought to have the deepest realization of what authority is and the keenest reverence for its source, are too often changed by some strange and debilitating alchemy into the most blatant, if perhaps unwitting, flouters of civil authority.

How many times, for instance, have you listened to discussions in family gatherings, in locker-room sessions, in business meetings, that centered around "that man in the White House"? When F.D.R. was "that man," the remarks, I need hardly recall to you, often waxed positively vitriolic. He was a hypocrite, a fraud, a Groton-Harvard-educated Benedict Arnold. The unfortunate marital adventures of some of his children were openly adduced in such discussions—as they are

In reviewing the notorious novel From Here to Eternity (AM. 3/10/51, p. 672), Fr. Gardiner remarked that the burden of its story was an unreasoned hatred for all and any authority—in fact, a prolonged gripe against authority as such. Without charging Catholics with the same exaggerations, he wonders if vicious criticisms do not frequently spring from a forgetfulness of the source of legitimate authority.

still openly bandied about in the splenetic columns of Westbrook Pegler—as proofs of a personal moral flabbiness that unfitted him for the duties of the Presidency. Even the physical handicap of polio was stated in knowing whispers to have been a manifestation of an afflicted brain.

Now that "that man in the White House" is H.S.T., admittedly a less colorful figure than his predecessor, one might expect the invective to be more moderate. Perhaps it is in some circles, but the chorus is still raucous and alarming. H.S.T. is, we hear, a pip-squeak, a nonentity. The fact, to be sniggered over, that he had the bad fortune to fail as a haberdasher is sufficient proof that he is a disgraceful President. Because he has a pleasant-looking daughter who apparently makes a nice impression in her travels abroad, H.S.T. is a shameless exploiter of his own flesh and blood for the build-up of his puny ego. And the fact that he wrote a letter to a music critic (foolishly and impulsively, to be sure, but certainly not un-understandably to any man who has a daughter of whom he is proud) is enough to prove that the Marshall Plan, the Atlantic Pact and all the other monumental achievements of the Administration must be silly, sinister and un-American, if "that man" had anything to do with them.

Well, if Harry S. Truman isn't that, what is he? He is the President of the United States. In that position his authority is vested in him by God, following the free determination of the people. As President he has the *right* to the respect of every citizen; every citizen has the *duty* to respect him.

Let's look back at some fundamental truths we once heard in the catechism and have heard again and again if our ears have been open to papal pronouncements on the question of civil authority. Civil authority is a moral power, that is, the power to impose obligations on citizens with respect to the proper goals of civil society—the temporal welfare of the citizens. Toward those who are vested with this authority we have the duty, says the catechism, "to show respect, fidelity and conscientious obedience; to pay taxes imposed by them; to assist them in their dangers and necessities." We sin against them by "hatred and contempt; by reviling and blaspheming them; by refusing to pay the taxes due to them; by resistance and rebellion; by any sort of treason, violence or conspiracy against our Government and country."

These duties arise, papal pronouncements say incessantly, because civil authority has its source in God. Examples could be multiplied almost endlessly, but perhaps the words of Pope Leo XIII in the great

encyclical *Immortale Dei* will suffice: "Hallowed in the minds of Christians is the very idea of public authority, in which they recognize some likeness and symbol, as it were, of the Divine Majesty."

The purpose of this authority is the common good, namely, to order the activities of the many groups that exist under the common authority. The purpose of authority is not its own aggrandizement, but the good of the subjects. For that reason, subjects, in respecting and obeying authority, are actually serving their own good, for they are the beneficiaries of its proper functioning.

But is this a "hallowed" concept in the American Catholic mind? Are the official pronouncements of the President—and of other officials, too, in their degree—accepted with spontaneous respect? Or are they hooted at, sneered at, belittled and smeared, and for no other reason than that they come from "that man"?

Perhaps the most disturbing thing about all this whittling away at respect for authority is that it is poison for the young. It's a poison that's not hard to detect at work in all too many Catholic homes. Here is a young boy, let us say, who, during the New Deal years, has listened to his impassioned (and thoughtless) father throwing the book at F.D.R. His father, thinks the boy, is a smart man; he knows what he is talking about. After years of such biased indoctrination, what are the chances that the boy will not have the attitude that all authority is just so much of a racket? Presidents, Senators and Representatives, Supreme Court judges—they're all alike, just a bunch of phonies, in it for their own laurels or their own pockets. Anybody who is crazy enough to get into politics is openly confessing that he loves to wallow in dirty waters.

Perhaps the eloquent father always kept in mind the essential distinction between the man and the office, though he never expressed it. He was not—oh, by no means—criticizing the President as such; he was criticizing the *man*. It's a valid distinction, to be sure, and one Catholics ought to keep clear, for we have had to use it once in a while in answering charges that there have been bad Popes and unworthy priests. But what chance is there that the impressionable boy will make that distinction?

And why should the youngster confine his contempt for authority to the top levels his father has been debunking over the years? Why won't the boy reduce it to action in more immediate spheres? Why not show his contempt for the policeman on the beat? Any time he can get away with something under the nose of the cop, is he not putting into practice what has been pumped into his subconscious mind for years?

And finally, consider the dangerous boomerang the father has been fashioning. For he, too, professes to have authority. But why should his authority be respected, if none is respectable?



Public officials, of course, are not immune from criticism. The proper bounds of just criticism are difficult to define. How far can legitimate and necessary fault-finding go before it verges on contempt for authority?

Here are three considerations that may help to set the boundaries and keep us from the slippery path that ends in contempt for the civil authority that, under God, is established through our own consent to provide an orderly government.

First, criticism of policies ought never to be based merely on dislike of personalities. Policies are adopted to meet human needs. Fair criticism must be based on an objective estimate of the needs and an informed evaluation of alternative solutions. Again, it is extremely unlikely that either policies or administration should ever be wholly vicious or, for that matter, wholly flawless. The critic ought to try honestly to see what is good and what is bad in each, remembering that, until clear evidence is found to the contrary, the presumption is in favor of policies adopted through the exercise of legitimate authority.

Second, it should be remembered that the people have a right to elect a Senator, for example, who will disagree with the policies decided upon by the legislature and find fault with their administration. He ought to accept the decision of the majority. At the same time, wherever decisions are reversible, he is within his rights in working for their reversal. Unless a critic makes a career of carping, his animadversions should not be dismissed on the assumption that a program we favor is ideal in every respect.

Third, criticism should always be made with the clear realization that the critical object of your wisdom and eloquence is an official who has his authority ultimately from God.

Have no fears that a thoughtful observance of these cautions will result in an obsequious kowtowing to all and any authority. The result will rather be a sturdy—if watchfully critical—loyalty to the legitimate authority we ourselves have chosen.

The same natural-law principles which give just governments the authority they need to govern also gives citizens the right to protect themselves against unjust policies and tyrannical governments.

Most of us would like to feel this refreshing breeze of temperance fanning out first of all from the halls of Congress and the political rostrums. One begins to wonder how any American will ever learn to respect authority when he witnesses many in authority acting and speaking as they do. But that is precisely the test of the grasp we have on the principle of authority. When we can see its splendor and its source through the abuses that at times soil it, then we are the loyal and faithful citizens that our catechism, the papal pronouncements, our American tradition and informed common sense tell us we ought to be.

Putting God in a school system

Catherine B. Cleary

ONE NIGHT I WOKE out of a sound sleep and began to think about our new three-million-dollar junior high school. I thought of all the wonderful modern equipment placed at the children's disposal. At the same time I wondered if anywhere in the school there was any recognition of God.

The next morning I found this thought still bothering me and made up my mind I would try to do something about it. Shortly after breakfast, I left my children with a good friend of mine and went over to see the school. I met the principal, who seemed very glad to show me through. The first room on the tour was the main office, which was elaborately equipped. The second room he showed me was the consultant's office. He informed me that they had one consultant at the present time and needed two. He explained at great length the need for another consultant because of the many problems they now have with the younger people. At this point I asked him how they started out the day in this particular school. He answered that because they were in such a nice community they did nothing—though on Wednesdays they had assembly, at which time they saluted the flag. He added that in some of the schools they either said an Our Father or saluted the flag, depending upon the particular teacher in the home room.

When I asked whether there was any visible sign recognizing God in the school, he turned on his heel and smiled. After a moment he began to explain how hard it would be to get all faiths to agree on some one phrase. For the past year, he said, a group of distinguished men in Washington had been trying to solve the problem. Here was my chance. There is one phrase which to me has tremendous meaning; and in all my life I had never heard anyone object to it. Why not use the words found on all coins—"In God We Trust"?

I suggested that we have this motto on a plaque in the entrance or auditorium of the school so that the children might see it daily and associate it with their education. To this suggestion he could offer no encouragement. He didn't know how it could be done. He invited me to lunch, over which we discussed the many problems of modern education. When I returned home I had thoroughly made up my mind to try to do something about it.

This seemed something that the women, the mothers of the youngsters, should be vitally concerned with.

My first contact was with the president of the Council of Churchwomen, which comprises the Protestant denominations in our community. I invited her to my

Mrs. Cleary is a housewife and the mother of a family in Stamford, Conn., the city where the events she narrates took place. Our attention was drawn to her one-woman crusade to have God honored in the Stamford public schools, and we encouraged her to write about it. We offer her story here as an example of what one housewife can do by patience, persistence and the steady refusal to take No for an answer.

home to chat it over. When she left she was most enthusiastic, and in fact said she would present the idea at the Council's next meeting and get the members' reaction. During the next month I was notified that the Council approved the idea. This gave me the encouragement I needed—here was one group behind the idea.

I next secured an invitation to speak to the Catholic groups, of one of which I was a member. Prior to the hour that I was scheduled to address them, the thought of standing up in front of them had never occurred to me. At dinner that night I did very little eating and much wondering if the outfit I had on would meet their approval. I also wondered just how orators begin and end. When the time finally came and I started to talk the first thing that happened was that a button popped off my jacket. As I hastily tried to recover it I thought: "Dear Lord, you must help me out of this embarrassing start." To my great relief, I found myself telling my story with no nervousness at all. This group also thought it was a good idea.

The next day, while picking the children up at school, I met one of the mothers who had been at the meeting the night before. Naturally, I was hoping she would make some comment. To my surprise she asked me where I got the gift of gab. She gave me no encouragement, just left me blank. What left me blank was the fact that she was the wife of someone in the school system, and should have been interested. My next experience was at a dance the following week, where I met a member of the school board who said I had a good thought, but that the school board would treat it like a hot potato and that I wouldn't get very far with it. This just doubled my determination to get the plaques into the schools.

My next visit was to one of our most prominent ministers in town, who thought it was excellent. Yet when I contacted him at a later date he had experienced a change of heart. He told me I was worrying about nothing and was surprised to learn that I was still pushing my idea.

During the next month I had an interview with one of our rabbis, who thought I was making much ado about nothing. Being a product of public schools, he felt the matter rested with the school board, and would be the last one to interfere. He also inquired if I was going into the advertising business with a motto such as this.

My next visit was to another rabbi, who thought it wonderful and said he would do anything he could to help me.

I next went to see a Catholic priest, who said it would be a wonderful step in the right direction, but something like this would take a lot of time and courage. (I was a little amused to hear him say it would take courage. What was there to be afraid of?)

The following few months I spoke to three outstanding local women's groups. (This is where the courage came in, I discovered.) The first endorsed it heartily, but did nothing to push it. The second group listened attentively, but a very smart woman who declared she was an atheist asked me "How about the people who don't believe in God?"

I next spoke at a Communion breakfast, where I was received warmly. The toastmistress introduced me as a young member of their group who was active in community affairs and was a member of the local Board of Representatives, the legislative body of our community. Here was my opportunity to gain workers for my project. Here I would be able to reach 500 women who just received Holy Communion, the perfect exemplification of belief in God.

During my talk, as I observed a few of their faces, the thought flashed through my mind: "How many of these people are getting what I'm talking about?" Certainly, from their complacent attitude and the occasional womanly nudge, I got the feeling that perhaps I was proposing something that just couldn't happen or perhaps might be just too ridiculous. When the breakfast was over I got polite congratulations from my friends, and drove home wondering how many of these ladies would really take time out to do something about my idea.

With slight annoyance, I found that the week passed by without any response from these people. Around the middle of the second week I received a lone letter from a lady who said she had been stirred by the idea and wanted to offer her support. Here I had in my hand the one and only bit of paper on which someone had offered me help.

This made me wonder. What was wrong with people, I asked myself. In the past year I had been in contact with over 1,000 people in our community, all active within their own religious groups and supposedly furthering their beliefs. Here was an opportunity for them to participate jointly in a good move. But no one came forth. If I had been instigating a bridge party or a fashion show, I would have had too many clamoring to head the committee. But, with something concrete and very worth-while in my mind, I could have counted on one hand the individuals who furnished even moral support.

Nobody was openly against my project, but nobody would take a stand to further it. However, nothing could dampen my own enthusiasm. I was determined to see it through.

After twelve months of getting nowhere, I decided

to present a resolution to the Board of Representatives calling for the installation of the plaques. I knew that if I could get unanimous approval from this Board it would represent the wishes of the community and would exert a powerful influence upon the Board of Education. This was going either to make or break my project.

I shall never forget the evening of December 4 last. I had my resolution ready and was prepared to present

it and argue it from every angle. But our clerk was absent from that meeting and I was elected to fill her place. That took me off the floor and meant that I was to be deprived of the privilege of presenting my own bill. However, I requested the opportunity to explain the thoughts behind this resolution, and after some discussion on the cost involved and whether or not it would place an added burden on the taxpayers, the motion was put to a vote. Though some members may not have heartily approved, they would not dare to oppose such an American motto. To my great joy, it was passed unanimously. This was an important step forward, but it did not necessarily mean that the plaques were certain to be installed in

the city's school:

It was now in the lap of the Board of Education, which, after a month of deliberation accepted it with the proviso that the plaques must be of bronze and that there be a special appropriation of \$1,000 to cover their cost and installation. The annoying part of this was that bronze would be frozen within the next week, and the Appropriations Board was neither in the mood to appropriate nor had a meeting scheduled before the freeze would go into effect. It looked as if my project might be put in cold storage.

Why all these specifications? Couldn't it be in wood or cement or any of the other materials that were easy to get? I would have settled for plaques made of cardboard, as long as they brought the name God into our schools.

There was a period of four months of complete indecision when I kept wondering just how to keep this project alive. Out of a clear sky one night, a member of the Appropriations Board who is an outstanding citizen in the community, and, incidentally, was one of the original handful who encouraged me from the start, blasted the Superintendent of Schools for his procrastinating tactics. He added that until the directive from the Board of Representatives was carried out, he, for one, would approve nothing further for the Board of Education.

This did it. Within a matter of days the plaques were ordered and during the summer were installed in every public school in our city.

My idea has become an actuality. If you ask me why, I can only say that I believe in the motto "In God We Trust."



Nazi policies survive in Austria

John LaFarge

AUSTRIA, says John MacCormac of the New York Times, is sometimes called the "problem child of the Economic Cooperation Administration." Recent reports by the United Nations economic bodies indicated that Austria was among the three European recipients of Marshall aid with the lowest productivity and that its last year's agricultural output was relatively the lowest on this side of the Iron Curtain.

The task of getting Austria to develop some degree of economic independence and initiative is a number-one job for her recently elected president, Socialist Theodore Körner. But Dr. Körner has another number-one job, which should be easier than the intricate economic question. This is to get rid, once and for all, of the remnants in Austria of Nazi legal and administrative policies.

The Allied Council in Austria, in a letter to Federal Chancellor Figl published by the official *Wiener Zeitung* for January 26, 1951, expressed itself as "disturbed at the great number of Reich-German laws still in force." This is fairly surprising news, since six years have now passed since the country was liberated from Hitler's rule. Yet the *Reichsleistungsgesetz*, a Nazi emergency law, is still in force. Any part of a person's private property, from his coat and shoes to his home, can be confiscated by the state and placed at other people's disposal, as long as some official agency can deem it necessary. Clergymen still have to get special civil permission to perform marriage ceremonies.

Distinct alarm is felt by the Austrian press over the growing tendency of governmental authorities to suppress free discussion of growing political corruption and to discourage attempts to organize the independent press.

These leftovers from the Nazi occupation are particularly oppressive in the case of property that had once been confiscated by the Nazis. Most of this property is supposed to have been restored, but there remain a considerable number of cases where the restoration has taken place only on paper. After six years of liberation, government agencies still occupy many buildings that the Nazi conquerors had seized for themselves, and create continued difficulties about paying rent to the rightful owners.

One notable instance of this sort is that of the Jesuit college and seminary in Innsbruck and its daughter institution, the Canisianum seminary for non-Jesuit priests in the same city. The Nazis ejected the Jesuits from the former building—part of which was constructed by Saint Peter Canisius four hundred years

ago—in the record time of a half-hour. At present the State Police offices are quartered in the Jesuit College, the State Finance Administration in the Canisianum. Legally, the Jesuits are now the owners of their ancient property, but they cannot use the building. Despite continued representations to the authorities, the latter have steadfastly refused to pay the legally established rent for one of these properties, and stick to the lower figure arbitrarily determined by the wartime Nazi Gauleiter. An arrangement that could be readily excused in the immediate postwar years in view of the housing shortage could in six years' time certainly have been rectified.

This very unfair neglect by the Austrian regime of the interests of higher learning in Innsbruck has a peculiar interest for Americans. Until 1938 the two institutions mentioned above housed between 300 and 400 theological students. Every year there were thirty or forty Americans among these students; the others came from nearly all the principal dioceses of Europe. *Hundreds of the priests and religious, of both Latin and Eastern Rite, who have suffered or are still suffering martyrdom for their Christian faith under the Nazis or behind the Iron Curtain are Innsbruck alumni.* The theological faculty of the State University of Innsbruck, where they studied, has long been internationally famous. Today it includes such outstanding figures as the brothers Hugo and Karl Rahner and the pre-eminent liturgist Andreas Jungmann.

Over 500 priests and some six bishops in the United States have made their studies at Innsbruck and thereby became cultural ambassadors for Austria. The beautiful Canisianum itself, a masterpiece of modern architecture, was built in great part by the American alumni. Despite grave inconveniences, five Americans are now studying in the Canisianum. Yet at present barely half the number who formerly frequented the two schools can be housed there, owing to the use of the property by the government agencies.

Most pitiable of all is the situation of the Innsbruck theological library. On my visit to Innsbruck in May of this year, I was thrilled with joy to see the University Church's lovely little "Princes' Chapel" (*Fürstenkapelle*) entirely restored. Like many other Americans, I had offered my first Holy Mass there. But my joy was short-lived and I was struck with sorrow, as an alumnus of the Canisianum, when I found that the magnificent collection of 100,000 volumes still remains scattered through the dust and damp of a few corridors in the Jesuit College on the Sillgasse, and is unavailable for the use of students. The University of Innsbruck itself, which once prided itself on being, through its theological faculty, a *universitas nationum*—made up of men "out of every nation under heaven"—suffers culturally and economically from this neglect.

Nazi confiscatory policies and Nazi contempt for religious and cultural values are two survivals which a renascent Austria should purge from herself once and for all. Only by such a course will she help to guarantee the future peace and security of Europe.

FEATURE "X"



Fr. Donlon, professor of apologetics at West Baden College, Indiana, lent a helping hand on the AMERICA staff during the summer. He wrote the Aug. 11 Feature "X," "Liberty and the Editor's cat."

A STRIKING PARALLELISM has come to light between the method of the Spiritual Exercises, which St. Ignatius, founder of the Society of Jesus, conceived at Loyola and later perfected at Manresa during his months of prayerful retirement there in 1522-23, and the psychological devices employed by the "educators" in Red China today. St. Ignatius, of course, hoped through the methods of the Spiritual Exercises to bring men and women to reorientate their lives towards the fullest possible realization of the Christian ideal. But fallen man can pervert the holiest of means to serve the unholy of ends. So leaders in Red China today are employing the same ascetical methods St. Ignatius used to draw men to God to reorient the lives of promising young men and women towards the fullest possible realization of the godless Communist ideology.

The writer happened upon a brief account, appearing in *Etudes*, French Jesuit monthly, for June, 1951, of a Catholic young man in China who submitted himself to a period of what Catholic writers used to call "formation" at the hands of the Chinese Communists. This very interesting item first appeared, also in French, in the *China Missionary Bulletin* for May, 1950. (Fortunately, the basement of Campion House, which, incidentally, would make a pretty good bomb-shelter, was found to be harboring this back number of the *China Missionary Bulletin*.)

St. Ignatius desired that his "exercitant" withdraw for the time of his "retreat" from all his ordinary pursuits, associations and contacts. Similarly, the promising youth in Communist-dominated China is encouraged to spend several weeks in quasi-vacation camps where, far from family influences, the Marxist indoctrination program can be carried through with maximum efficiency.

The thirty-three days which the young man reports he spent undergoing this "formation" parallels quite closely the month or more which St. Ignatius envisaged as the time to be devoted to his Exercises. And the order of the day, the division of time, is very similar to that of a retreatant making the Spiritual Exercises, as is the common life which the Communist exercitants lead, eating their meals together and attending common exercises.

The day for the young Communist trainee begins at 4 A.M., with some setting-up exercises fifty minutes later. This is followed by a discussion or conference. A small breakfast at 7 is followed by more discussions or conferences. Dinner at noon is followed by a two-hour rest-period. Then more conferences, and supper at 5:30. After supper the exercitants engage in directed community singing and games. At 9 there is a short period for conversation between members of the same section. The day ends at 9:30 P.M.

The Red-Chinese exercitants seem to spend more time in listening to conferences and discussions than is usual in the Ignatian Exercises. Still, great emphasis is placed on personal reflection. They are assured that one of the cardinal principles of the training period is that a few things discovered by oneself are better than many heard from another—a maxim dear to the author of the Exercises. In line with this the trainee is encouraged to set down in writing all the objections and all the doubts that occur to him. Later these are collected, condensed and then redistributed for discussion in order that adequate answers and solutions may be found. Wrote the young Chinese Catholic who had made the Communist "retreat":

It is necessary to make an *examination of conscience*, an *account of conscience*, or if you will an *examen*, a *general confession* of all that I have done from infancy till the present moment. [I was asked] more especially to what party or sect or organization I have belonged. There are two sins definitely mortal: to have belonged to the Nationalist Party or to have adhered to the doctrine of Sun Yat-sen.

It is absolutely necessary to disentangle oneself from whatever may prove injurious: from all pride, from all liberty not understood in their sense, from love of parents, from any lack of "indifference," from human respect, from all feeling of menial servitude, from all insincerity.

This general confession, written out, is handed over to the immediate leader of the group. Later on the trainee is to read it before all his companions. These are then asked to give their impressions, to pass judgment. If they consider your confession sincere and complete, their verdict is put in due form and set down at the end of the confession.

I will add that in my case they have noted two points: "He is profoundly rooted in the Christian faith, but he sincerely wishes to acquire the new democracy and the new education according to the principles of the new democracy. He is remarkable for his love of others, but he has not yet acquired a sufficient degree of detachment of spirit."

All this is then forwarded to the head of the section, who adds his comments. It is finally sent to the General Director; and the whole report is filed in the archives of the Board of Education. ... After all that we have seen it is immediately evident that they have taken much from the ascetical methods of the Church, and in particular from the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius.

Truly, it seems that we Catholics, who often contritely accuse ourselves of letting others display more energy, more resolution, more courage and persever-

ance in indifferent or bad causes than we do in a divine cause, may here have occasion to strike our breasts for another reason. This time must we not confess that we have let others steal from under our noses means and methods almost inspired in their psychological potentialities, left to us in the Church as household treasures by the most enlightened of her sons and daughters?

There is a definite challenge in this adoption by Communist specialists of procedures so akin to those St. Ignatius devised, a challenge to exhaust for ourselves the power of the Spiritual Exercises. To take

but one instance: few of us would consider it feasible that all religious—to say nothing of seminarians and young Catholic men and women of college age—should devote a full month to the Spiritual Exercises. Yet that is just the amount of time Communist leaders are prepared to spend in preparing leaders. The movement for closed retreats is fortunately gaining ground in this country, but have we yet used the retreat technique in a way calculated to make the demands and match the fruits of the Exercises as adapted to their own ends by men in dead earnest?

STEPHEN E. DONLON

Festival of mummers

W. J. Igoe

London's special pride, the traditional entertainers of the town—the actors—have attempted, during the Festival of Britain, the greatest program of dramatic entertainment ever offered in this city. Some have failed; others have succeeded beyond anticipation; all, conscious of their high destiny as heirs of the Bard and acting not far from the place where he stormed the "wooden O," have tried magnificently.

Shakespeare, Sophocles, Chekov, Jonson and Shaw were the five dramatists chosen by the five main festival theatres. The directors are the Old Vic, Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir Ralph Richardson, Mr. John Gielgud and Mr. Alec Guinness. Twelve plays were offered; eight of these Elizabethan, six by Shakespeare and two by Jonson, Sophocles' *Electra*, Chekov's *The Three Sisters* and two by Bernard Shaw.

Sir Laurence Olivier, if only popularly and debatably our best actor, is our leading showman, and a magnificent Anthony in *Anthony and Cleopatra* ensures his place in the pantheon of British drama. The part is peculiarly suited to the player's characteristic qualities. An almost ferociously masculine actor, Olivier, a clergyman's son, illustrates amusingly in his art the traditional affinity between the Church of England and the British Army; every part he touches, apart from his character-comedy work, his *Shallow*, *Puff*, etc., is given a soldierly edge. As the late James Agate said "his Hamlet is the finest Hotspur ever created." His Hotspur in *Henry IV*, his Henry V, Richard III, Mercutio in *Romeo and Juliet* are the performances by which his name will be remembered. All he touched in the past turned, if not to gold, to something more than mere glitter.

His Sir Peter Teazle in *The School for Scandal* was a retired naval officer, his King Lear a fading marshal.

Mr. Igoe, a resident of London, has been a reporter, news-editor and correspondent in England, Scotland and Austria. He contributes drama criticism to the London Catholic Herald.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

He commands upon the stage, dictates; the gait is that of a man trained upon the barrack square; relieved of the discipline of parade, he swaggers. The voice has the yelping notes of a duty officer. Last year he gave us a Duke of Altair, in Mr. Fry's *Venus Observed*, who was the universal guards officer; his film Hamlet was not a "sweet prince" but, to quote Ancient Pistol, "a lovely bully," or, to quote myself, "a Renaissance boxing-blue." Olivier has the mind of a strategist of the theatre, an engineer, a contriver; he is an impresario. On successive evenings he plays in his own theatre, the St. James's, Caesar in Shaw's *Caesar and Cleopatra* and Anthony. And in the latter role he touches greatness; for the first time one acknowledges his work as pure gold. He gives us the tragedy of the universal warrior.

His Caesar in the Shavian play provides an interesting example of a player contributing the truth that the playwright did not see to a role which, as written, lacks veracity. It was one of Shaw's illusions that he believed himself a master of the psychology of the military man. Sir Laurence, by simply throwing, so to speak, the Shavian conception of the Liberal-Despot out of the window, gives us truth.

Shaw never was an original philosopher; at best he was a poet who sublimated contradictory aspirations. He needed a democratic climate in which to flourish; at heart he was a Fascist. His faith being in a superman, he was naive enough to believe that such a person must be something like Bernard Shaw. The Caesar containing his two basic notions is a mere projection of schizophrenia. Sir Laurence gives us a soldier; the "Liberal" dreaming becomes nostalgia for personal

freedom from office; the commentaries are spoken ironically, for this Caesar is sad in a deeper sense than ever Shaw could divine. He speaks the first speech with his head laid against the cold stone of the Sphinx; the magnanimity arises from despair; he is aging, life has slipped away. He turns upon the barbarians who crystallize in their acts his past folly. He strikes at his own youth. This is a cunning performance, crafty, fashioned out of weak material by a master actor who understands with mind and heart. If it is not Caesar, yet it is a man who is a captain.

The First Player, as James Agate named Mr. Gielgud, has also triumphed with a creative production of *The Winter's Tale*.

Mr. Gielgud had not been seen in London for nearly two years, and we thought that *The Winter's Tale* would be inadequate to the demands we would make upon an actor who, for fifteen years, has been the acknowledged leader of the art in this country. Fashioned in the winter of Shakespeare's life, the comedy is nothing more than a lovable piece of the fustian of genius, aimed to harrow, beguile and arbitrarily send the groundlings home with the thought that all was well, at least in Sicilia and Bohemia. We were prepared to be amused by it on a lazy summer day at Stratford. We wished Gielgud to essay a great role; we cannot forget his Hamlet.

He confounded us by transforming Leontes into something great, a figure of universal significance. Gielgud is the one actor one has seen who can open a scene at the peak of passionate declamation and still dominate a modern audience with the common tendency to neurotic giggling. Here he takes Leontes, a mere naked mood of jealousy, at best a raving shrew, and transforms him into a tragic figure. Compassion deriving from understanding seems to be the basis of his art; esteeming the range of man's aspirations and mind, knowing the enduring pain of our limitations, he reconciles himself to the second and enduring truth. He is a poetic actor; the source of his genius is meditation; his constant mood is humble.

The production disaster of the year has been Mr. Alec Guinness's *Hamlet*. Where the leaders have been brilliantly victorious, the youngest master failed. But his production of *Hamlet* has helped decide his place in the theatre. His characterization was brilliantly bad; only an actor of superb intellectual gifts could have created it. One has suspected Mr. Guinness of a deficient sense of tragedy; here one's suspicions were confirmed. He is a great comedian; like Chaplin, his gift implies, but cannot objectify, the tragic. He conveys pathos.

This mood cannot contain Hamlet, whose tragedy cannot exist unless we believe that "he was likely, had he been put on, to have proved most royally." And when Guinness cannot encompass a role, being an intellectual he has a literary trick of trying to explain it. He psychoanalyzed the prince. Attempts were made to resuscitate this production, but Shakespeare will not tolerate psychoanalysis.

The best Falstaff of our day, our best-loved player, Sir Ralph Richardson, chose his festival parts with the guile of an actor at the height of his powers. Those who saw his Dr. Sloper in *Washington Square*—good on the screen, exquisitely alive on the stage—may agree that Sir Ralph has an uncommon gift for the poetry of the ambiguous. He is, I believe, our most Christian performer in the Catholic meaning of the word, always weaving an illusion of the infinite into significant design. In my experience, this spiritual quality has been seen in only one other European artist of this generation, a great player and a Catholic man, F. J. McCormick of the Abbey Theatre.

Thus the captains and the kings of the English theatre entertained us and our visitors during the summer, but the Old Vic, England's national theatre, should prove more interesting to the student and playgoer from abroad. Not only is this a playhouse, it is a school; the actors mentioned in this article all are its graduates, among whom is Mr. Maurice Evans, now a New Yorker.

It was an historic occasion. On the second night, when Mr. and Mrs. Churchill sat among the groundlings, the atmosphere was truly Elizabethan. Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, with the comedy heavily accentuated, was the first offering, with Mr. Livesey as Sir Toby and Miss Peggy Ashcroft, the leading lady of our younger actresses, as Viola. The carousel scene was made the centerpiece of the play with a glorious see-saw made from a ladder, used by Sir Toby to scale the walls to Maria's chamber, and a barrel of sack. Mr. Robert Eddison contrived a Sir Andrew that recalled Cervantes' vision at Lepanto, as seen by Chesterton, the picture of a "lean and foolish knight" forever tilting "in vain." Blazing colors and Elizabethan gusto were the dominating characteristics of this first entertainment and it proved popular.

Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* followed, to be succeeded by Shakespeare's *Henry V*. The former might be described as a Jacobean documentary; the characters of the London streets in 1614 wander through the great set, which is a replica of the fair at Smithfield. Wrestlers, cutpurses, puritans, the Ginger-bread Woman, Pig Woman, Mousetrap Man, horse coursers, gentlemen and ladies weave and seethe, as a crowd, upon the stage until the twentieth century fades and, anachronistically, one thinks of Hogarth. Technically this has been the finest achievement of the season.

Henry V is pageantry as written; as such it is played, with a gentle, skillful reinterpretation, within his own range, of the king by Mr. Alec Clunes, and a wonderful performance as Fluellen, the Welsh Captain, by Mr. William Devlin. Mr. Devlin, a Scot of Irish ancestry, invests the role with shrieking Celtic poetry and dominates it with military discipline so that the intrinsic quality of the wonderful character, the simple fervent martial pedant, is brought out as I have never seen in the past. Mr. Eddison's *Ancient Pistol* and Mr. Leo McKern's *Bardolph*, the one a lanky cutpurse from the London gutters, the other a barrel-chested

Northerner, contrast the opposing rogues with the maximum comic effect. Miss Dorothy Tutin makes a pretty French princess, amusingly anachronistic, from an eighteenth-century music box.

Sophocles' *Electra*, with Miss Ashcroft in the title-role and Mr. Leo McKern dominating in the small part of Orestes' tutor, was the fourth production, the latter almost "raising the house" with the oration, in the heroic manner, falsely describing the death of the prince in a chariot race. Shaw's *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*, which has always impressed this critic as a nursery version of *Man and Superman*, brings us close to the completion of the program. In May the sixth production, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, opened a summer season during which all these plays have been staged for visitors and natives.

It has been, on the whole, an actors' festival and the players have chosen from the past. Only two modern works are notable, one of these *Waters of the Moon*, because it has attracted the talents of the two

grandes dames of the English stage, Dame Sybil Thorndike and Dame Edith Evans, with Miss Wendy Hiller and a distinguished cast in support. It is a poor overliterate thing that might be defined as undernourished Chekov, but the women are magnificent and, as ever, demanding the attention of the student of acting. Mr. Fry's *A Sleep of Prisoners* is the other modern work. Played in Anglican churches in the Southern counties, and treating of the dreams, expressed in Old Testament stories, of four soldiers imprisoned in a church, it will go to New York in the autumn.

These are the actors and this was their program in England in 1951. For those visitors who preferred vaudeville Mr. Val Parnell provided an unusual attraction. At the Palladium during the summer months that well-beloved English genius, Mr. Danny Kaye, holds court. And the guests of the nations called upon him there, when they managed to press through the throng of natives.



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British housewife in Spain

CINDERELLA OF EUROPE

By Sheila M. O'Callaghan, M.A.
(Oxon.) Philosophical Library, New
York. 199p. \$3.75

In very lively manner, "Spain" is "explained" by a Scholarly British Conservative, who has traveled Spain from end to end "at no time . . . other than as an unprivileged private person." "This book," she says in her foreword, "is a disinterested attempt to make known the pitiable muddling of values which fundamentally is the cause of the Ugly Sisters' hostility and lack of understanding."

She is agreeably interested in the homely details of daily housekeeping, and contrasts entertainingly the habits and methods of the British and those of the Spanish middle-class housewife:

Although they are constantly grumbling about high prices and think life is becoming increasingly difficult for them, a good time is had by most of the Spanish middle classes.

And she is pretty much annoyed with what she calls the "he-man attitude" of Spanish husbands, and the conventional behavior of the women who are filled with "horrificed concern" for the "hard" life led by their active opposite numbers in Britain, and are not given a chance at political careers.

The main part of her book, however, is devoted to meeting head-on the furious anti-Franco hysteria of her fellow countrymen and of Socialists and Leftists in general. She deals very effectively with the three main objections raised against his regime: that it is against constitutional government, that it is fascist, and that it is an aggression against the peace of Europe. She gives her authorities and her reasons, and is particularly effective in vigorously debunking through a couple of chapters of historical summary the "heroic" mythology which grew up about the supposed glories of the Spanish Republic. She exposes its failure to bring peace and good government to Spain. Her thesis is thus stated:

There has been a tendency to transform this assorted array of the duped and the dubious into heroes and martyrs. Those of them who survived in easeful exile found no difficulty in playing either role. . . .

Whether the victors of the Spanish war are labelled Fascists, conquistadores or neo-Platonists, makes no difference; they are still Spaniards. Their victory represents one of the historical ways by which the will of a nation asserts itself over opposition. . . . In Spain

BOOKS

the more civilized and preferable way of coming to such a decision, through the procedures of representative government, was not available. The machinery of representative government had broken down; those in control of it did not want it to work. And the prejudiced attitude of the United Nations shows that the third possible method, that of arbitration, was not workable in the case of Spain.

"I am as keen a law-breaker as any other product of twentieth-century nationalized bureaucracy," she exclaims, and if the Spanish Republic of 1931 had "later justified itself by its deeds," she would have been the first to cry: "Out, Franco!"

She expresses at rather wordy length her extreme impatience with "socialist truculence," and is irritated that her fellow-Britishers are "ignobly scurrying to keep pace with the Americans." She finds human freedom thoroughly safeguarded in Spain, and vastly prefers the government-controlled Spanish labor syndicates to the British trade unions.

The work of the Spanish syndicates bears no resemblance to the narrow functions of trade unions. They are one of the chief administrative channels of a national scheme of social security which is among the most advanced in Europe. No detail of social service seems too personal and domestic for their attention.

Unfortunately for better international understanding, the entirely non-Communist and anti-Communist workers in other countries, and notably the International Federation of Christian Trade Unions, prefer trade unions that do only exercise these "narrower functions," and are wary of the too "personal and domestic details" of Governmental social service.

The author avoids getting tangled in the Church and State issue by leaving it alone and merely quoting, with some evident misgivings, Point 25 of the Falange program. Except for an interesting description of the Government's intricate social program, no excursions are made into the thorny thickets of the spiritual and economic problems of Spain's present-day working masses. But she is very positive on two points. She cannot tolerate bull fights, and thinks the esthetic arguments used for them are insincere. She is likewise concerned over the condition of the poorer children and the prevalence of public begging.

Individually, Spaniards make the most devoted of parents; en masse, officials and responsible authorities included, their powers of observation are custom-staled by usage: what you see every day you no longer see at all. . . . It would be a great act of Christian charity if His Holiness Pious [sic] XII were to devote part of one of his Encyclicals to the duties of human beings towards God's dumb creatures. Nothing less authoritarian is ever likely to effect any improvement in Spain and other southern European countries.

The volume has a good index and attractive cover-maps. Whether we agree with Miss O'Callaghan or not, she is disarmingly blunt and never dull. Only, if my name were O'Callaghan and I were writing for British readers, I couldn't have omitted suggesting that when people talk about Franco's police state, they might remember that John Bull has a nice little police state of his own in Northern Ireland.

JOHN LAFARGE

Life, passions, human beings

THE ENGLAND OF ELIZABETH

By A. L. Rowse. Macmillan. 547p. \$6.50

This is the first volume of a two-volume work on the Elizabethan Age. It is primarily concerned with the structure of Elizabethan society; the achievements of the period are reserved for the volume that is to follow.

Here we have a synoptic view of a small but vigorous society of some five millions that accomplished many extraordinary things and made the latter part of the sixteenth century the most remarkable in English history. In dealing with the institutions of the period, Professor Rowse, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, does not treat them as disparate subjects or as ends in themselves but rather as expressions of the society of the period. He is constantly engaged "in extracting the juices of the social."

Professor Rowse utilizes various dominant themes that correspond to the rhythms observable in the society. There is the initial darkening impact of the Reformation, followed by the generation of constantly increasing energies which flowered in many significant discoveries, enterprises and innovations. Another leading theme is the rise of the gentry. Still another is the Elizabethan emphasis on the necessity of order and degree, and the consequent insistence upon authority and obedience.

The fact that North America was

peopled by English-speaking stock, Professor Rowse believes, is the greatest living monument to the Elizabethan Age, for that was the prize of the twenty years' warfare with Spain—the Spaniards fighting to maintain the monopoly of their empire, the English to smash it as a gateway to the future.

Highly instructive chapters are devoted to Tudor agriculture, the economic progress of the period, the importance of London and the smaller towns, the classes that made up English society, the central government, central and local administrative institutions, the legal system, the Church of England, Catholic recusancy and the Puritan campaign for power, and the Tudor educational system.

The constant goal of the author has been to reveal "the life beneath the documents, the passions behind the formularies, the human beings enclosed within the institutions." In this Professor Rowse has succeeded superbly. We see the country, for example, as Leland saw it, London as Stow saw it, social stratification as Tristram Risdon of Torrington experienced it. Elizabeth, in her letters and addresses, speaks for herself. Thomas Fanshawe, the Queen's Remembrancer from 1568 to 1601, tells us about the Exchequer, its organization and procedures.

Local histories and biographies are constantly drawn upon for illustrative material, but Professor Rowse never becomes enmeshed in dusty records to the extent of losing sight of the lives and personalities of a considerable number of men and women whose deeds and misdeeds contributed the flavor and drive to the creation of a new dynamic era.

As to the interpretation of all this rich factual material, so expertly handled, there is certain to be sharp dissent. Professor Rowse takes the position that the intellectual energy that was absorbed by doctrinal controversy in Elizabethan times might very well have gone into more remunerative channels. Again, with an Elizabethan eye on the shilling, he complains that a great deal of the energy and wealth of the medieval Church was dissipated in unproductive ways—too many priests, too many rites and ceremonies, too many saints' days, too much ringing of bells, too many blessings and consecrations.

Professor Rowse almost puts himself in the position of saying that good plumbing is more important than prayer. He defends the Elizabethan compromise in religion, regarding those who disagreed with the new order, principally Catholics and Puritans, as either fools or knaves. He is of

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By EMILE MERSCH, S.J.

Translated by Cyril Vollert, S.J., S.T.D.

635 pages, \$7.50

We are entering upon a period of fuller understanding of what is called the mystical body of Christ, a study powerfully stimulated by the papal encyclical on the subject. The doctrine is not new, for it is radically embodied in the teachings of Christ and repeatedly emphasized by St. Paul. But the wealth of its implications and conclusions is only now being explored. By the revived interest in the liturgy Catholics are recovering the understanding and feeling of corporate solidarity, appreciating better the character of "we" in the public prayers of the Church. *The Theology of the Mystical Body* answers the desire for a thorough treatment.

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the opinion that the change-over from a religion in which the Mass was the heart and center to one in which sermons held first place meant an increase of reflection and edification, a stimulus to education and a spur to the active virtues.

This book has so many admirable qualities that one could wish that Professor Rowse did not stress the active, profitable virtues quite so much.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR

God's ways with chosen souls

**THE MYSTICAL EVOLUTION IN
THE DEVELOPMENT AND
VITALITY OF THE CHURCH. Vol. II**

By John G. Arinterro, O.P. Herder.
511p. \$6

This volume of Fr. Arinterro's series deals primarily and almost exhaustively with the process of mystic formation from the most rudimentary efforts of soul purification up to the ineffable mystery of spiritual espousal and marriage. Of the eleven chapters of the book, nine deal specifically with the stage through which a contemplative soul passes in its yearning to become one with God. The author very shrewdly subordinates his own expository text to a wealth of quotations from all the better-known mystic writers, and then in a series of chapter-closing appendices, reinforces his findings with apposite confirmations from classical authorities on spiritual subjects. For specialists in asceticism and for spiritual directors of devout and struggling souls, the book is a gold mine, a real treasury of "inside information" on the mysterious ways of God with chosen souls.

Father Arinterro insists that such souls are few. But he adduces strong testimony that they would be multiplied a hundredfold, were it not for the spiritual inertia, the self-love, the clinging to creatures, and the inadequate or wrong direction of the many who are called to high mystical adventure, but fail to be chosen because they neglect the special grace of the vocation.

As a matter fact, all of us who are so earth-bound as to regard the other-worldly experiences as mysteriously beyond us, and almost too ethereal for appreciation, are rebuked quite pointedly for our faint-heartedness in effort, and our blindness as we refuse to see that this mystical oneness with God is life's *unum necessarium*. The author's comment along this line could easily be discouraging if not demoralizing to the numberless good souls who are trying to serve God honestly and faithfully, and yet find in their prayer noth-

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ing but a fumbling, distracted and apparently fruitless process. Most of us are in this class. We bring faith to our efforts and trust that God will find in our labored adoration some value that He can discern although we neither perceive nor feel what that value is.

But we should not be discouraged at our slowness to follow where these ardent spirits have led. The Spirit breathes where He will and God still preserves as His secret the dispensation of grace. In that secret is concealed the "why" of His gift of contemplation to the great souls we admire but scarcely emulate. We, who walk only on the lowlands, partially perhaps because we have been afraid to climb, thank God for the generosity of those who took the high road at His call and came so near invading, while yet in the body, the realms of Vision. But even for us, the cowardly, the often ungenerous, there is still the example of the lovely two who were closest of all. Through the mercy of Jesus and the intercession of Mary, we hope to come in simplicity, in small strivings, after many defeats, to the same eternal union with God.

R. J. McINNIS, S.J.

THE LIMIT

By Ada Levenson. Norton. 256p. \$3

One of the characters in *The Limit* "would listen, as if under a charm, by the hour to subtleties and frivolities." Which is a very good definition of the charm of Miss Levenson's novel. *The Limit* is a conversation-piece, an oratorio of the drawing-rooms, and one must have a delight in good talk—light yet meaningful, rich yet fluid—thoroughly to enjoy this most daintily wrought cameo. Perhaps one can best suggest the tone of this book by mentioning Wilde and Shaw, Noel Coward and the off-handed subtleties of E. M. Forester.

The story line is disarmingly simple. It is about Romer and Valentia Wyburn and the near wreck of their marriage by a Mephistophelian yet convincing cousin. Romer, the husband, is almost a caricature of the painfully proper, solidier-than-rock Englishman—white flannels, reticence and all; Valentia is a kind of Mrs. Miniver, temporarily unaware of her husband's real worth, and therefore disposed to the more flashy yet bouniderish cousin.

But the almost fanatical yet quiet love of Romer for his brilliant yet confused wife wins out, and in a reconciliation scene which reminds me of Alexander Woollcott's wonderful satire on the Englishman's parting from his wife for "Injia" ("Well, cheerio, old girl. Pip, pip old boy"), the novel ends with Romer's "Let's come out, Val.

The lawn wants mowing." There are several other deftly etched characters of whom a Miss Luscombe is typical. ("... on the stage they think she's in society, and in society they believe she's on the stage.")

It is to America's shame that we have neglected the rare talent of Miss Levenson. Widely recognized in her own England by the most discriminating, the friend of such as Oscar Wilde, Henry James, Max Beerbohm, Aubrey Beardsley and the Sitwells, Miss Levenson, by her rare wit, understanding and sophisticated though undoubtedly mature writing talent, well deserves a fellowship in such exclusive company.

Proof of so bold a statement becomes apparent when, realizing that Miss Levenson's work as a novelist was finished by 1916, we can read *The Limit* and never for a moment feel that we are looking back on that most removed period of time, the last generation. For the wit, the urbanity, the startling yet profound paradoxes have not, in all that time, worn thin; rather, they are as fresh and as meaningful today as they were in the days when an ice at Buzzard's was the essence of gentility.

Nor is Miss Levenson only clever: her satirical yet constructive view of life is a view of life; there is nothing artificial or forced about her humor, for like all artists, Ada Levenson has succeeded in wedding her style to the very life about her.

EDWARD J. CRONIN

RAYMOND OF THE TIMES

By Francis Brown. Norton. 345p. \$5

Since the N. Y. *Times* is celebrating its centennial this fall, it would be hard to have found a more appropriate time for a biography of its founder and first editor. But this life of Henry J. Raymond is no hastily written, laudatory piece of newspaper promotion. It is a full, coherent and just account of Raymond's career which tends to play down his newspaper work and play up his political activities.

Francis Brown shows Raymond to have been a generally calm and intelligent, usually deliberate and above all conscientious and independent politician at a time when partisanship, the more rabid the better, was expected of everyone who took part in politics and all newspapers were passionate party organs. "Why in heaven's name can't men . . . rise above party feeling . . . and save the country first!" he once exclaimed. That might be taken for the text of his career.

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loyal Lincoln man after the Chicago convention and throughout the Civil War. It led him to become, in Lincoln's own words "my political lieutenant" during the 1864 campaign. It carried him to Washington after the war as the most promising freshman Senator at the 37th Congress. But there it brought him face to face with Thad Stevens' tight organization of extremists. Against those passionate and vindictive reconstruction policies Raymond's independence and calm reasonableness were ineffective. He was beaten long before he gave up his game fight.

Raymond moulded the *Times* on these same policies. "I believe it to be good and patriotic service to criticize both and all parties, in the light of common sense and exclusive regard for the public good," he declared at one time. And at another: "We do not mean to write as if we were in a passion, unless that shall really be the case; and we shall make it a point to get into a passion as rarely as possible." Such principles made the *Times*, at the outset, a paper apart from all other publications in the country. Raymond's independence, in fact, established the tradition of modern journalism and led the responsible American press out of the era of political partisanship.

His calm and reasonable approach to the news of the day and his reluctance to work himself into a passion have not been as widely copied. Among other reasons, two mentioned in the book help account for this. Raymond was criticized for producing dull copy. And in 1865 Bennett's noisy, lusty and always passionate *Herald* grossed a million dollars; the *Times* only \$365,150.

Biographer Brown fortifies his account by a valuable bibliographical note and a number of good pictures of Raymond and his contemporaries.

DAVID HOST

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF JOHN KEATS

Edited with an introduction by Lionel Trilling. Farrar, Straus & Young. 280p. \$3.50

KEATS AND THE BOSTONIANS

By Hyder Edward Rollins and Stephen Maxfield Parrish. Harvard University. 196p. \$3.50

These books bear witness that of all the poets of the romantic movement Keats is today probably the most highly regarded. The first volume offers letters long known to the public, while the second presents for the first time the correspondence dealing with the letters of Fanny Brawne to Keats's sister.

The Selected Letters, inaugurating "The Great Letters Series" which Farrar, Straus and Young is sponsoring, draws upon the definitive 1947 edition of the letters of Keats edited by Maurice Buxton Forman. The selection is both generous and representative. Lionel Trilling contributes a forty-page study of the thought and character of the poet in which he takes cognizance of the most important recent Keats scholarship and also manages to make contributions of his own.

The rereading of Keats's letters is convincing evidence of the deep seriousness of his—to use the poet's own words—"straining at particles of light in the midst of a great darkness."

Especially is this true in the field of esthetics. A careful scrutiny of the letters makes clear that when he wrote the oft-quoted "O for a life of Sensations rather than of Thoughts!" or "Maxims in philosophy are not maxims until they are proved upon our pulses" he was really—albeit tentatively—groping for that intuition of artistic beauty which Maritain tells us "stands at the opposite pole from the abstraction of scientific truth." One of the very impressive things about his letters is how rapidly he progressed toward a realization of this before his early death.

The second book, by means of a hundred hitherto unpublished letters, unravels the mystery behind the publication fifteen years ago of the letters of Fanny Brawne, Keats's fiancée, to Fanny Keats, his sister. Its publication at that time led to an important reappraisal of the last years of Keats.

The book is a fascinating epistolary duel in which there are four principals: the poet and essayist, Louise Imogen Guiney; a wealthy and eccentric Boston bibliophile, Fred Holland Day, who secured the Brawne letters and then withheld them for more than forty years; another Boston lover of Keats, Louis A. Holman; and Amy Lowell, poetic *grande dame* and biographer of Keats. Of particular interest to the readers of *AMERICA* will be the part played by Louise Imogen Guiney who was really responsible for Day's obtaining the letters.

The editors have made admirable use of the Guiney Collection in the Library of Congress which contains almost a thousand of her letters to Day, a distant cousin. She addressed him as "Sonny," "Sonnikins," "dear Sonny and Cater-cousin," and signed herself familiarly as "Quinck." There is much playfulness in her letters but beneath all is a serious and perceptive devotion to the poet who was their common bond, Keats.

Day played a game of cat-and-

mouse, and secrecy became with him an obsession. He died in 1933, leaving a will directing that the precious Brawne letters be withheld until 1961, the centenary of Louise Imogen Guiney's birth. How they happened to appear before that time is part of the story of *Keats and the Bostonians*.

The book is edited with that precision of scholarship that has come to be associated with the name of Hyder Rollins, who is also the editor of *The Keats Circle* and the author of *Keats's Reputation in America*. JOHN PICK

THE UNITED STATES IN WORLD AFFAIRS, 1950

By Richard P. Stebbins. 500p. \$5

Here is the latest volume of a series which is eagerly awaited each year both by scholars and laymen. Its predecessors dealt with the role of the United States in global matters in the years 1945-47, 1947-48, 1948-49, and 1949. Each of them was a splendid achievement, and this latest volume is no exception to that rule. The reviewer is in a position to strengthen that last statement because it has been his pleasure to review for *AMERICA* each one of these books on contemporary history.

Mr. Richard P. Stebbins, historian and experienced Washington observer, was also the author of the most recent issue in the series—an experience which was most valuable in undertaking a difficult study of this type. He also has had the benefit of the very competent research staff of the Council of Foreign Relations, which sponsors these publications.

As in the past, *The United States in World Affairs, 1950*, again takes the position of a completely impartial and objective reporter of the current scene and is not concerned with either defending or attacking particular individuals, organizations, or policies. Both the successes and the failures are held up to the light to be examined critically by thoughtful readers. It is perhaps because of this high degree of dispassionateness that the author is able so successfully to traverse the jungle of propaganda and reveal the ineptness and stupidity of whichever side is at fault, the Administration or its critics and detractors.

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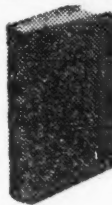
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report. This point system, plus the geographical spread of the stores, gives a good view of Catholic reading habits. Appreciation for the service can best be shown by patronizing the stores.

THE COVENANT

By Zofia Kossak. Roy. 375p. \$3.50

Zofia Kossak showed in her *Blessed Are the Meek* that she possessed considerable power as a novelist. Her latest book on Abraham the Prophet is further assurance of her power. She chose the story of Abraham wisely, for his is a great story. In her handling of his life she brings Abraham vividly before us, and though she follows faithfully the biblical version, she presents an interesting and living story as only a genuine novelist can.

Abraham's search for the greatest god at a time when there were different gods held in esteem even among his kin led him to belief in the One True God of Israel. His efforts to bring his tribe to worship the One and Only God give the reader an appreciation of the Prophet that might not be gathered so vividly from the Old Testament alone. One reason is that the author has obviously done tremendous research to give an authentic background of times and customs.

The story follows Abraham's life

divine Revelation, he led his tribesmen from the plains outside Ur into the wilderness, to the day when his dreams were fulfilled with the entry into the Promised Land. The biblical miracles that marked this marvelous history are treated with a restraint that strikes me as overdone.

The Covenant, which appears at a time when there seems to be an increasing interest on the part of Catholics in the Old Testament, should reach a large reading public.

HUGH F. SMITH

JOHN J. O'CONNOR is professor of History at Georgetown University.

REV. R. J. MCINNIS, S.J., is Spiritual Director at St. Robert's Hall, Pomfret Centre, Conn.

EDWARD J. CRONIN, now teaching at Notre Dame, previously taught in the English department at the University of Minnesota.

DAVID HOST is in the College of Journalism at Marquette University.

THE WORD

"But they made light of it, and went off, one to his farm, and another to his business . . ." (Matthew 22:5 XIX Sunday after Pentecost).

Today's gospel gives us one of the parables which our Lord delivered during those fateful days between the events of Palm Sunday and Holy Thursday. He was making a last effort to warn His people and us of the terrible results of rejecting Him.

For a moment on Palm Sunday it seemed that the claims of Christ would be recognized. The people came out with the palm and olive branches that signified victory and peace. The children of Jerusalem shouted their Hosannas to the Messiah, the Son of David. But Jesus saw that they did not understand the true meaning of His kingdom. As He came over the brow of the Mount of Olives and saw the golden gate of the temple He wept and cried: "If thou hadst known in this thy day, even thou, the things that are for thy peace." Jerusalem, He said, was to be destroyed, razed to the ground, because the people had no care for the things that really counted. They were interested in power politics, in freeing themselves from the yoke of the Roman Empire. They were from the period in which, directed by

absorbed in questions of agriculture and commerce. They went off to their farms and businesses and made light of the claims of God. A last warning must be given. The fate of God's people hung in the balance.

And so in the form of parables He taught daily in the temple. The parable of this Sunday tells us of a King who has prepared the marriage feast for His son. Everything is ready. The meaning of the parable was clear to the Jews. Christ is to be united to His Church and the place of honor is reserved for the people of Israel. They refuse the invitation and arouse the anger of the King who will send and destroy their city. The banquet hall is thrown wide open to the nations. Good and bad alike accept the invitation. But a solemn admonition is given that a tragedy greater than that of Israel will be the lot of any individual gentile who after entering the banquet hall is found unworthy of the call. One such guest is found without a wedding garment and is cast out as a warning to all of us.

The lesson is obvious. It is not enough to belong to the Church by faith and outward profession. We must live according to the faith and have sanctifying grace in our souls. Making full use of the talents God has given us, we must subordinate the interests of time to those of eternity. In our dealings with one another we must observe justice and charity. These are the ornaments of the soul that constitute the acceptable wedding garment.

JOHN J. SCANLON, S.J.



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THEATRE

LACE ON HER PETTICOAT. British playwrights, aside from exhibiting a higher order of craftsmanship than their American contemporaries, somehow invest their plays with a dignity that is too generally lacking in our native product. While the play Herman Shumlin has brought to The Booth is not as artfully constructed as most recent imports from London, it has an air of maturity about it, an evidence of serious intention on the part of the author that commands respect. Though not completely satisfying, it cannot be lightly dismissed.

The author is Aimee Stuart, who, alone or in collaboration with her late husband, has contributed more than a score of plays to the British stage. The precise number, I believe, is twenty-five. Her latest work was one of last season's hits in the English capital.

It is a strange, hybrid sort of play, apparently the result of the author's experiment in crossing a period piece with social drama. As a period piece it is an interesting curio but too thin for more than casual attention, while as social drama it is not only dated but superannuated.

The leading character (if the title has any relevancy), the teen-age heiress of a Scottish marquis, formed a friendship with the daughter of a milliner. That kind of thing would never do, of course, anyway not in 1890; and the attachment came to grief as soon as her ladyship's parents got wind of it. Which was rather hard on the milliner's daughter, who, since her own grandmother was as snobbish at heart as the most arrogant earl, became an innocent victim of poetic justice. The old lady forbade the girl to play with the child of a less well-off neighbor and frowned on the milliner's boy friend, first because he was a dock worker, next because he drank his tea with the spoon in the cup and finally because he was man enough to resent snobbery whether it came from a marquis or the foreman of a welding crew.

It is apparent that Mrs. Stuart intended the anguish of the teen-agers as the central interest of the play and the adult action as a frame. What she has accomplished is a badly blended montage with the background more conspicuous than the focal point of the picture.

Neva Patterson and Jeff Morrow enact the leading adult roles with warmth and feeling, and Muriel Aked

submits a convincing performance as a lower-case snob. Samuel Leve's set provides a persuasive atmosphere for the action and Hazel Roy's costumes seem right.

While the structural faults in *Lace on Her Petticoat* are obvious, they are not fatal, and the author has provided compensating values. Mrs. Stuart's characters are carefully carved, their motives are valid and most of them compel one's sympathy. Hamish Ca-hoon is a stalwart man one is bound to respect, while wishing he were marching in the ranks of contemporary progressive forces instead of wasting his energy in a cause that has already been won, or at least advanced far beyond its 1890 position. He is too fine a character to be embalmed in a dramatic album.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FILMS

THE RIVER is a perceptive, rewarding and visually exquisite adaptation for *adults* of Rumer Godden's autobiographical novel of her childhood in India. Photographed in Technicolor, entirely along the banks of the Ganges, the picture has very little in the way of conventional plot. It is concerned with capturing the texture and flavor of life in India and the particular impact which these characteristics have on the universal problems of growing up. So successfully does director Jean Renoir achieve this feeling for locale and tradition that the film's episodic narrative—the joys and sorrows in the young heroine's extraordinarily wholesome and appealing family life; the varying reactions of three girlhood friends to the onslaught of first love—takes on an added dimension.

The camera's exposition of the life, customs and ceremonials of the Indian people themselves forms a fascinating and integral part of the movie. The cast, recruited from Hollywood, England and from both professional and amateur ranks in India, is the more persuasive for being unfamiliar; and the total effect is the welcome antithesis of the mass-produced, assembly-line film.

(United Artists)

CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER is a first-rate swashbuckling adventure yarn which serves to demonstrate once more how well suited to screen purposes is that alternately neglected and abused genre. The hero (Gregory Peck), who is reasonably faithful to C. S. Forester's famous creation, is a little too good to be true,

what with his intrepidity, his unmatched genius for naval strategy and his humanitarian, ahead-of-his-time regard for the welfare of his men. He has, however, a quaint inarticulateness in the presence of the opposite sex and a disarming set of foibles and eccentricities which make him human.

Hornblower's uninterrupted succession of victories over superior enemy forces is likewise tolerable because one of them, owing to a reshuffling of the political alliance against Napoleon, turns out in finely ironic fashion to be a mistake which has to be undone. The rest of the picture is put together with the same decent regard for plausibility and with a great deal of skill and imagination to boot. The minor characters have vitality, the battle sequences have real gusto and scope, and the Technicolor landscapes are used to enhance the action rather than as an end in themselves. Altogether, it is a pleasure to recommend the film to the whole family.

(Warner)

SATURDAY'S HERO, an exposé of hypocrisy and professionalism in college football, was completed more than a year ago and by a fortunate (box-office-wise) coincidence was held over for release this fall, when it is as topical as tomorrow's headlines. For *adults* who like this type of movie it is head-and-shoulders over the average because it was made to stand on its own merits as drama and not, as is usually the case, hastily contrived to capitalize on lurid newspaper revelations.

The story concerns a high-school football star (John Derek), the son of an immigrant millworker, who accepts a football scholarship at a distinguished Southern university with the idealistic hope of excelling both as student and athlete. Once at school he is introduced to most of the degrading practices which have recently become all too familiar—the phony jobs which provide athletes with a salary without violating the letter of their amateur standing; the honor system which works one way for ordinary students and another for football players; the upgrading of athletes' scholastic records; the price exacted by wealthy alumni in return for their patronage. The film offers no solution to these problems and indeed is so busy indicting a set of false standards that it offers very little in the way of sound balance. The hero's romance with the neurotic niece (Donna Reed) of his benefactor is rather bogus. One wonders why a boy who is shown to be a Catholic gives no indication that his religion has any part in his life. However, as an exposé on a currently vital question the picture makes its points credibly and provocatively within a sound dramatic framework.

(Columbia)

MOIRA WALSH

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Sodality and the collegian

EDITOR: Hurrah for AMERICA and your editorial "Christ and Catholic college graduates" (9/8). You hit the nail on the head when you spoke of the difficulty of educating "a creature of two worlds."

"Citizen of Two Worlds" was the theme of the Summer Schools of Catholic Action this year. Among the almost two thousand people who attended the Chicago sessions, collegians were outstanding.

One group, from John Carroll University in Cleveland, was sold on the Sodality of Our Lady as a way of life, not just as an ineffectual society.

The Sodality formula in its entirety—not watered down as it is in so many schools and parishes—is an exacting rule of life for the lay person. If the college gives the rejuvenated Sodality a chance, it can do much to avert the "tragedy" of the ill-formed Catholic graduate.

CATHOLIC COLLEGE SENIOR
Chicago, Ill.

No discrimination

EDITOR: May we ask the courtesy of your columns to correct an erroneous impression conveyed—quite unintentionally, we are certain—by Fr. Harold C. Gardiner's able article of August 25 relating to the non-inclusion of AMERICA in our *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*?

In several places Fr. Gardiner's article gives the impression that AMERICA is not indexed in the *Readers' Guide* because of an adverse decision by the H. W. Wilson Company. One sentence refers to "a very odd, and even discriminatory decision of the . . . Wilson Company."

Nothing could be farther from the actual facts. All magazines indexed in any of the Wilson indexes are chosen by vote of the subscribers to each index; none by the Company. This is a long-established policy which has been studied and approved on several occasions by committees representing the American Library Association. In fact, we are currently on record as suggesting the appointment of a new ALA group at this time, in the hope of effecting still further improvements in our voting procedures (see article by Sarita Robinson in the *Wilson Library Bulletin* for April, 1951).

AMERICA has been included on the last several *Readers' Guide* voting lists (votes are conducted at intervals of

several years) but thus far has failed to obtain sufficient votes for inclusion.

There is emphatically nothing discreditable in this fact. There are perhaps 10,000 magazines published in the United States, of which the *Readers' Guide* has room for only 117.

Fr. Gardiner's article would perhaps have been a little fairer had he mentioned that AMERICA is already indexed in the *Abridged Readers' Guide*, which is also a Wilson index.

THE H. W. WILSON COMPANY
Howard Haycraft
Vice-President
New York, N. Y.

Catholic teaching—and practice

EDITOR: Congratulations on William Gremley's article, "The scandal of Cicero" (AM. 8/25). It raises the question whether we priests teach Catholic doctrine clearly and uncompromisingly, and whether our people accept what the Church teaches or prefer to persist in their prejudices. It is well that Mr Gremley has presented the case so candidly.

(Rev.) CARL H. MEINBERG
Iowa City, Iowa

Youth at the crossroads

EDITOR: Your editorial of August 18, "Love and hatred vie for youth's soul," is indeed timely.

While many publications reported extensively on the Communists' World Festival of Youth and Students for Peace, AMERICA brought out the true significance of this Berlin gathering by comparing it with the practical manifestations of peace exemplified by the World Assembly of Youth (WAY) Congress at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., and the Boy Scout Jamboree in Austria.

I witnessed a smaller Communist youth festival at Nice, France, last year. In August of this year I was an observer at the WAY congress at Ithaca. From my observations of both, I could vividly see the position of youth today, standing "at the crossroads of love and hatred."

At Nice, as at Berlin, demands for "freedom and peace" meant only demands for license and hate. At Ithaca, the delegates shaped a program of action for the realization of the principles embodied in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, thus making a true contribution to the cause of peace.

MARIE BARBANO
Weston, Mass.